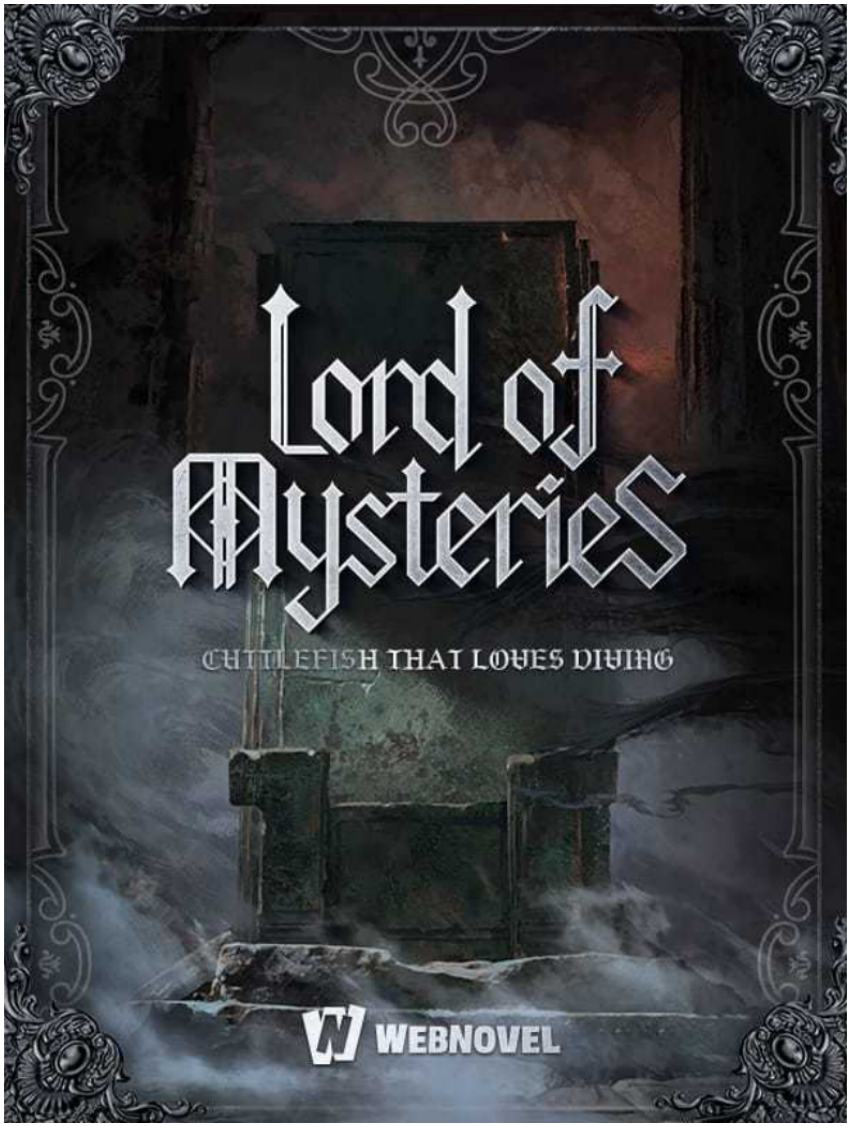
Lord of Mysteries
CUTTLEFISH THAT LOVES DIVING
WEBNOVEL

Information

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Lord of Mysteries

Fantasia

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Chs/Semana

Esta é a taxa média de lançamentos realizados nos últimos 30 dias. O cronograma do tradutor é --Chs/Semana.

1,432 Capítulos

68.5M Modos de exibição
Autor: *Cuttlefish That Loves Diving****Translator:*** *Atlas Studios****Editor:*** *Atlas Studios*
mais

4.89 (5,035 Avaliações)

Sinopse

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who can come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of history and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmurs into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zhou Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in an alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled with machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, difference machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Cards, Sealed Artifacts…

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone far. Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Churches of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slowly develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which is numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is the legend of "The Fool."

733: The Return

Editor: Atlas Studios

Under a persistent rain, mingled with the thin fog, the rows of street lamps tried their hardest to shine through the mist. The occasional horse carriage that proceeded down the streets was a common evening sight in Backlund.

Apart from these, Klein noticed a few gratifying changes while standing behind the window.

Ring!

A crisp sound echoed in the air as a two-wheeled mechanical device rushed down the side of the street to the other end of the street. Its frame was black in color, with some parts revealing grayish-white steel. Under the illumination of the street lamps and rain, it sparkled with the beauty of metal.

On this device sat a man dressed in a postman's uniform. He kept pedaling with his legs, apparently using a great deal of strength. Behind him was a wooden box that had been painted in green.

It's been promoted very well… The white-shirted, black-vested, mature-looking Klein sighed inwardly when he saw this scene.

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734: Old Friends

Editor: Atlas Studios

You actually know me? This means that Mr. Isengard Stanton often mentions me as a friend, or does it mean that the Church of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom knows that I was embroiled in the Great Smog of Backlund? Klein smiled as he nodded in an unperturbed manner.

"Yes, I'm Sherlock Moriarty."

The grayish-blue-eyed lad immediately gave way as he warmly gestured him in.

"Mr. Stanton has been worried about you all this time. He was afraid that you met with trouble. He can now be at peace."

Klein handed him his umbrella as he took off his hat and coat while walking in. At this moment, Isengard Stanton, who had sensed something, had put down his papers and pipe, and he left his reclining chair to take a look.

"Oh my, Sherlock, you're finally back. It's been so long, my friend." The thin Isengard with grayed sides revealed a smile as he came over with welcoming arms in an attempt to give him a greeting hug.

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735: Another Visit

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sharron was silent for two seconds before she said, "I'll help ask."

It means you need to consider it? That's right. The negative effects of Scales of Luck does leave one hesitant. However, Biological Poison Bottle is really compatible with a Wraith. If it wasn't because I'm short on money, and how it lowers my immunity, making me easily fall sick, I wouldn't be willing to sell it. It's rather effective in an ambush! Klein vaguely grasped Sharron's intentions as he stuffed the silver necklace back into his collar.

He asked after some thought, "Which power of a High-Sequence Prisoner pathway Beyonder makes all surrounding lifeless items attack one's target?"

"Puppet," Sharron succinctly replied.

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736: Third Chair

Editor: Atlas Studios

Senor, in his Wraith form, passed through the thick soil and rocks under Klein's control, arriving beside Sharron. He saw a damaged armrest which had asymmetrical patterns buried there, looking rather similar, but also different from the splinters they discovered moments ago.

The armrest wasn't pure black in color. Their patterns exuded a dark red color, as though it was an intersection of iron and blood.

Recalling the scene from his nightmare, Klein determined that this wasn't the high-back chair that the entity suspected to be Medici sat on.

This was the second chair!

The room that sealed the evil spirit had at least two high-back chairs!

"Klein" and Sharron didn't say a word as they circled around in different directions to search for other clues.

Before long, they discovered the evidence of a third high-back chair!

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737: Official Appearance

Editor: Atlas Studios

Why would the madman, Gehrman Sparrow, need to find someone to claim Admiral of Blood's bounty on his behalf? That's not right. Why would he be able to claim the bounty? Danitz suddenly snapped out of his confusion and grasped the crux of the matter.

He immediately lowered his head to prevent himself from exposing his shock and confusion.

The adventurers beside him continued their conversation.

"How would that be possible? No one would dare to claim it on his behalf!"

"That's right—unless they wish to bear the wrath of the Church of Storms or selling out Gehrman Sparrow!"

"42,000 pounds… If I can receive that sum of money, I'll immediately head to Backlund to be a tycoon!"

"Haha, wouldn't you be enjoying yourself in the Red Theater for half a year first?"

"Perhaps Gehrman Sparrow can claim it from Intis, Feysac, or Feynapotter. Although it wouldn't be as much as 42,000 pounds, it's definitely in no way a low amount…"

…

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738: Life of a Tycoon

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Please wait a moment. Would you like coffee or tea?" Baylin asked warmly.

Klein laughed and replied, "I enjoyed coffee when I was younger, the rich and fragrant kind, but now, I prefer black tea."

"I prefer black tea as well. Then… a cup of marquis black tea?" Baylin suggested with a smile.

The coffee and tea provided to guests at the City Family Servant Assistance Association were ordinary in quality, ranging from low- to medium-quality. Marquis black tea was tea that Baylin had brought from home for her own enjoyment.

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739: The Encountered and the Yet-To-Be-Encountered

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the main prayer hall of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The black-haired bishop retracted his gaze and stopped looking at the middle-aged gentleman in front of the donation box, nor did he have any intention of chatting with him.

Here, before the holy altar, he represented the Church, and he was under the Goddess's sight. He couldn't show more warmth towards anyone because of their generous donations.

However, he remembered the gentleman's good looks and mature, refined disposition. He planned on attempting to get to know him when the opportunity arose in the future.

Seeing the final note slip into the donation box, Klein closed his eyes and turned to leave.

When passing the preaching bishop, he deliberately glanced at the clergyman and smiled with a nod.

The bishop returned with a warm smile as he tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

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740: Self-recommendation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Moon Puppet… Fors's heart palpitated as she refocused and looked at the gathering participant who had just spoken.

The man in a black iron mask had already taken out a small puppet and showed it to everyone.

"I have a friend who discovered a series of graves deep in the Southern Continent's Paz Valley. This puppet was stuck in the deceased's right eye socket.

Fors observed the puppet seriously just like the other gathering participants. She discovered that it was slender, and its entire body resembled a tiny wooden piece that had been engraved with crescent-like eyes and a mouth. Embedded in it were dried grass and flowers.

Doesn't look like anything special… Fors mumbled inwardly. Her spiritual perception didn't sense anything as her pen-wielding hand continued hovering over a bronze-green notebook.

The man in the iron mask continued the introduction:

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741: Butler

Editor: Atlas Studios

9 a.m., Hillston Borough, inside a high-class hotel.

Klein picked up a bottle of exquisitely packaged white wine as he handed it over to the elder opposite him.

"Mr. Asnia, thank you for coming. This is a gift of mine. Please accept it.

"At the latest, I'll make my decision by tomorrow. When the time comes, I might come and visit you in person."

He was using such a euphemistic manner to inform the man that he had failed to be selected.

To be frank, he was actually rather pleased with Mr. Asnia. He perfectly met his image of a butler—stern, well-mannered, professional, a high level of mental understanding, and was good at handling all kinds of thorny issues.

As the oldest candidate who lived the furthest away, he had arrived half an hour ahead of time. He had been patiently waiting outside while Rebach and Walter were only fifteen minutes early.

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742: Decided

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a brief moment of silence, Klein raised the black tea and took a sip. He said with a smile, "It's something that can be considered, but Emperor Roselle once said to never be in a rush to make a decision. Only after repeated comparison will one receive the best answer.

"Are there any other options?"

Walter, who wore a white glove, replied without any abnormality to his expression, "Phelps Street would also satisfy your request. I recall that Unit 9 is available for rent. It's a two-story villa with more than ten rooms. It comes with a stable, the servants' quarters, and a small garden. The furniture and wares are relatively old, but they're considered decent. The annual rent is 220 pounds."

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743: A Diary Page

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the gray fog, in the palace with the towering dome.

The Fool Klein glanced at The Sun, who had been pulled up ahead of time, as well as The World who had been conjured in advance. Emanating a little bit of his spirituality, he made contact with the crimson star representing Justice, The Hanged Man, The Magician, The Moon, and The Hermit.

Beams of light rose up as relatively blurry figures appeared on the two sides of the long bronze table.

Justice Audrey, who had just returned from a tree farm leading to the castle, had already changed into a dress. Her sleeves were layered in laces that were filled with lustrous pearls.

Like clockwork, she stood up, lifting the corners of her skirt as she curtsied.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~"

Klein instantly felt better as he nodded with a smile in response.

Meanwhile, he couldn't help but sigh.

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744: Sale

Editor: Atlas Studios

I'm no stranger to Mr. Door? Apart from Mr. Fool, the only one I'm no stranger to will be the seven deities. Furthermore, I've only been to the cathedral of the God of Steam and Machinery… As Fors was feeling puzzled, she quickly recalled which high-level existence she could have made contact with.

Since there weren't many, she quickly eliminated all the other possibilities. Her eyes lit up as she made the connection with the contents of what Mr. Fool had originally said to her.

She looked at the end of the bronze table that was enveloped in gray fog. Her voice trembled as she asked, "Is 'He' the one who created those ravings during the full moon?"

Klein chuckled with a nod.

"That's right."

Ravings during the full moon… What's that? Audrey and company exchanged looks as though they were ordinary people who had just entered the mysterious world.

They had never heard of any so-called "full moon ravings."

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745: Knowledge is Money

Editor: Atlas Studios

Finally… At the instant that they reached a deal, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He felt the pressure on him significantly decrease.

Although Miss Messenger had said that the 10,000 Loen gold coins could be paid in installments, and she hadn't specified when it would begin, Klein didn't wish to drag out payment for too long, afraid that he would incur the wrath of Reinette Tinekerr.

After all, she was a spirit world creature at the demigod level. If she really ended up mad, she had the means to make things difficult for her "employer" even if she was restricted by the contract!

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746: Same Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

After hearing The Hanged Man's description, Klein couldn't help but recall Red Angel Medici and the evil spirit found in the underground ruin.

However, he didn't share the discoveries of his exploration this time. Firstly, there wasn't a need to, and secondly, it involved Miss Sharron.

As for the other members, they had already learned that Bansy Harbor had been destroyed. And since The Hanged Man hadn't revealed any new information, there was no need for them to reply to the matter.

Realizing that no one was saying anything, Alger glanced at The World before looking back. He said calmly, "That's all from me."

The Hermit immediately turned to look at Fors.

"Ma'am, what do you know about Mr. Door? I can pay for the corresponding piece of information."

Fors, who didn't wish to expose her problems, suddenly hesitated when she heard the latter half of the sentence. She was momentarily tempted.

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747: First Blood

Editor: Atlas Studios

Under the crimson but gloomy moonlight, Emlyn took out a metal bottle, twisted its lid, and downed it.

Then, he seemed to transform into a shadow as he drifted over the surface of the wall, quickly and silently following Rus Báthory.

Sanguine were always known for their speed. The two Barons ran through the sides of the dark alleys and streets, one after another, spending more than half an hour to arrive at the messy and dirty East Borough where they stopped in front of an old apartment.

Seeing Rus Báthory choose to climb the pipe, and using the most stealthy approach to head for the third story, Emlyn slowed down his pace and didn't rush to follow behind him, as he would be easily discovered.

After two seconds of serious consideration, he picked up a translucent perfume bottle, twisted it open, and pressed down on it, scattering the liquid inside it onto his body.

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748: A Duet

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the Lightning Cathedral, the high and spacious dome arched continuously. There wasn't any blank space, with gold and blue as the main colors. It made anyone who walked beneath it subconsciously feel that the place was sacred and solemn; thus, making them bow their heads.

Alger Wilson often made contact with a secret existence, and he often gathered in the palace of a deity's residence. As a result, he no longer had a longing for this. He wasn't as respectful as before, but he still had to put on an act. Like the other sailors around him, he kept his head down as he lightened his footsteps without even daring to breathe clearly.

In the silent atmosphere, they were led by the priest all the way to the clergymen's quarters at the back of the cathedral, with each of them getting a room.

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749: The Moon's Authority

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon entering the house, the first thing Klein saw was the foyer. It was very spacious here, with several chairs and umbrellas placed there. Furthermore, the furnishing was elegant, and the decorations were befitting of his status. If he hadn't known of the structure ahead of time from his inspection, Klein might've imagined it to be the living room.

After passing through a second main door, the sight before his eyes opened up—it was a huge hall that could accommodate dozens of dancing guests.

In the middle of the hall was a brightly colored, thick, and plush carpet. Surrounding it were spaces covered with bright marble tiles, with a piano, stone sculptures, and other decorations decorating the hall. There were also stone columns that held up the second floor with inlaid ornaments.

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750: Attraction?

Editor: Atlas Studios

Having read many magazines, Klein knew that the social life he wanted to enter had many balls, so he wasn't surprised by Walter's suggestion. He said with a nod, "Okay."

With that said, he looked sideways at his valet, Richardson.

"Prepare the carriage. I'll be heading over to Saint Samuel Cathedral."

Klein vividly remembered that his main goal was to act as a devout believer of the Evernight Goddess in order to get to know the corresponding clergymen, and from there he would find a way to sneak into Chanis Gate. Therefore, he planned to pray at the cathedral whenever he had the time to express his sincerity and get to know the members of the clergy.

"Yes, sir," Richardson answered politely.

Before long, Klein boarded his rented luxurious four-wheeled carriage, decked out in a coat and a top hat. As he enjoyed the scenery on his journey, he sampled the black tea that was adorned with a slice of lemon.

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751: Loen-styled Euphemism

Editor: Atlas Studios

Late at night. 7 Pinster Street.

Leonard Mitchell sat on a chair with his legs raised onto the side of his desk.

Following that, he leaned back, causing the wooden headrest to creak from the pressure. His breathing gradually turned long and slow.

After an unknown period of time, his eyelids drooped and covered his eyes.

At this moment, Leonard's spirit had arrived in a gray, hazy world, but he was still in his bedroom.

He flew to the window and saw thick gray fog blanket the nearby streets and extend outwards. It seemed to be embracing all of Backlund.

The street lamps along the streets and the warm light from the different houses appeared abnormally dim. They were only able to illuminate a very tiny region, and everything seemed to be tainted with a sense of blurriness.

At the same time, blobs of illusory oval lights appeared as they enveloped a house in an intersecting manner, as though it was the source of their existence.

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752: Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

160 Böklund Street. In the sunny study.

The bookshelves were orderly arranged with a huge collection. At a glance, one appeared as though they had stepped into a private library.

Klein sat on a high-back chair as he read the newspapers. He discovered that be it the Tussock Times or the Backlund Daily Tribune, there was an additional advertisement in a striking spot—it advertised selling 10% of the Backlund Bike Company's shares.

Mr. Stanton is rather efficient. It's only been a few days, and he has completed the financial checks and evaluation… Klein silently reflected on the matter when his spiritual perception was triggered.

He quickly activated his Spirit Vision and saw Reinette Tinekerr walk out of the void. She still held the four blonde, red-eyed heads in her hand, with one of them having a letter in its mouth.

It's likely a reply from Miss Sharron… As Klein had these thoughts, he reached out to receive it and nodded.

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753: Bishop Visits

Editor: Atlas Studios

After the philosophy class, Klein had a feeling as though he hadn't slept in three days. His mind was filled with names and concepts like skepticism, metaphysics, a priori and a posteriori, nominalism, Roselle socialism, existentialism, and positivism.

If it wasn't because the original Klein had studied history, which included some mastery of philosophy, he doubted that he had the ability to last through the lesson. This wasn't his college lessons on Earth; they were one-to-one, making it impossible for him to sleep, daydream, or read novels on his cellphone when he didn't understand the content.

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754: Invitation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein had already walked through Bishop Elektra's last question before, so he said with a sigh, "It was my father. He was a truly wise elder. Unfortunately, he passed away many years ago during an accident."

When he said that, he infused the original Klein's emotions of losing his parents, him being in an alternate world with no home to return to, as well as the scars that resulted from his time in Tingen City. He sounded calm and wore a slight smile, but there was a sorrow that lasted forever that remained hidden deep inside.

"I'm sorry for your loss. He must've entered the holy residence of the Goddess, sleeping peacefully under 'Her' watch," Bishop Elektra answered sincerely as he formed the sign of the crimson moon on his chest.

Without waiting for Dwayne Dantès to respond, he looked at him and invited him:

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755: "Switchboard Receptionist"

Editor: Atlas Studios

He received a letter? Didn't he say that something happened at home? Walter's family lives in Backlund, so if there really is anything wrong, then they can directly come over via public carriage or a rental carriage. Wouldn't that be faster than sending a message by mail? With his salary and land in the countryside, he can definitely afford it… Klein nodded without a word as though he had just asked in passing.

He slowly returned to the reclining chair, sat down, and began to seriously read the papers.

Upon seeing this, Richardson didn't say a thing as he silently retreated out of the room and quietly closed the wooden door.

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756: Grand Mass

Editor: Atlas Studios

After waiting nearly ten minutes outside the prayer hall, Klein and the other believers who were here to join the Moon Mass entered under the priest's lead.

In the dark and serene atmosphere, they heard uniform and ethereal chanting:

"Full-faced above the land stood the crimson moon;

"And sweet it was to dream of themselves,

"Of child, and wife, and parents; but evermore[1]…"

Holy and rhythmic voices echoed in the prayer hall as the believers involuntarily quietened down, as though they had forgotten all their frustrations in life or the different challenges they faced in the real world.

Under the guidance of a few priests, they found their seats. In front of the altar, Bishop Elektra, who was in charge of celebrating the Mass, held The Revelation of Evernight and began preaching.

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757: Dream Encounter

Editor: Atlas Studios

Someone has infiltrated the compound? Klein didn't immediately sit up. All he did was turn his body to the side and reached his left palm under his pillow. He secretly held Death Knell, and at the same time, he slowly spread his left hand open, preparing to activate Creeping Hunger.

After knowing that it was difficult to find food for Creeping Hunger in Backlund, he had infiltrated the prisons in Desi Bay's Conant City, found an inmate on death row, and confirmed that there wasn't any mistake in the judgment before feeding him to the glove.

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758: Efforts Will Ultimately Pay Off

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the evening, Klein, who had just returned from Saint Samuel Cathedral, was just about to enter the dining hall on the second floor when he saw Butler Walter walk over and say with a polite bow, "Sir, the matter you wished to be investigated has been completed."

Klein didn't inquire further in front of the other servants as he staidly nodded.

"Let's talk in the study."

Walter followed behind him and came all the way to the third floor. Richardson then opened the door and lit the gas wall lamp inside.

Klein unhurriedly walked to his desk, sat down, and looked at the butler for the report.

As Walter gestured Richardson to guard outside the door, he approached the desk and deliberated over his words.

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759: First Dance

Editor: Atlas Studios

Saturday night, 8 p.m.

Klein rode his high-end carriage and arrived at 39 Böklund Street—Member of Parliament Macht's house—in two and a half minutes

After stealing a glance at the lit fountain that was sloshing with water, he buttoned his tailcoat and walked down the carriage before strolling to the house's main entrance.

Richardson held an exquisitely packaged bottle of Southville red wine and followed closely behind his employer.

After walking through the main door, Klein instantly saw Member of Parliament Macht and his wife, Riana, walk over to welcome him.

The former was wearing an olive-green army officer uniform with an orange-red sash around his waist and a few medals hanging from his chest. In the Loen Kingdom, serving and retired officers enjoyed wearing their military uniforms at balls.

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760: What a Small Circle

Editor: Atlas Studios

I thought she would contemptuously say that she doesn't like immature and incapable men, hinting that she isn't impressed with ordinary people. Who knew she can't even be bothered to answer this question… Heh, this sense of superiority will easily lead to a loss of control for subsequent advancements… Klein couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

From what he knew, Beyonders were only humans who had additional powers. It was equivalent to having plenty of money or status. In fact, they were still considered human and had no way of escaping human society. Only by reaching Sequence 4 would one experience a qualitative change.

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761: Good People and Good Deeds

Editor: Atlas Studios

What happened? Klein instantly tensed up.

He had experienced too many accidents in the past, and he knew that he easily found himself involved in Beyonder matters. Upon encountering something similar, he couldn't help but subconsciously be on alert. It did resemble some form of post-traumatic stress disorder.

After seriously watching Hazel Macht's figure disappear from the staircase, Klein sensed that she was only in a hurry and wasn't panicking.

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762: Nation Reestablishment Society

Editor: Atlas Studios

At the gates, Walter used the light from the street lamps and discovered no one was outside through the gaps. The street was silent.

For an instant, Walter suspected if he had heard wrong and that the doorbell hadn't rung!

He composed himself, and he quickly walked to the servant quarters at the back of the compound. He woke up a few servants and got them to carry double-barreled hunting rifles to begin patrolling the main building so as to prevent any bandits or burglars from infiltrating.

Walter didn't immediately get the police, because nothing had happened yet. The doorbell from earlier might've been a prank from a tramp.

Meanwhile, under the nearby sewers, the infiltrator was holding onto the metal handles as he slowly headed down into the unlit area.

He soon came to a halt, leaned back onto the moss-covered wall, and slowly slid down to sit down on the dirty ground.

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763: Mr. X

Editor: Atlas Studios

160 Böklund Street, inside the dining hall on the second story.

Klein had just bitten into the buttered toast his servant had served him when he saw his butler walk in.

Walter bowed and said, "Sir, a person of unknown origins pulled our doorbell last night.

"As it was already very late, I didn't wake you up, and instead got the servants to patrol the area with the double-barreled hunting rifles.

"If you so permit it, I'll visit the nearby police station to get them to reinforce the patrols on this street at night."

To employ such a butler, there aren't any flaws aside from him being expensive… Klein nodded slightly and drank the fresh milk that had been delivered to him.

"Very good."

…

39 Böklund Street, Member of Parliament Macht's house.

Hazel entered the activity room on the second floor and saw her mother, Riana, chatting with the housekeeper.

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764: First Investigation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein was returning from Saint Samuel Cathedral to Böklund Street on a four-wheeled carriage when he heard the stacked illusory pleas.

A female… It's nothing urgent… All he did was make a rough judgment and didn't immediately head above the gray fog to respond.

Sweeping his glance at the street lamps which were dispelling the darkness, Klein retracted his gaze and raised the white porcelain with gold rims to take a sip.

Beside him, Richardson noticed this and said after mustering his courage, "Sir, I've thought it through. You're very right. Everyone starts with zero experience. Few grow up with experience. Thank you for giving me this chance to grow."

After confirming that Godotpos and gang were dead, he was finally at ease as he began considering his professional career.

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765: Monday Again

Editor: Atlas Studios

After Klein was done, Albert asked a few targeted questions according to his recount, to ensure that the details matched up.

Without a doubt, he obtained a satisfactory answer.

"Thank you for your cooperation. Have a great dream." Albert smiled as he got up and bowed. Then, he used his Nightmare powers to influence Dwayne Dantès once again. It would make him have a vague recollection that he had such a dream when he woke up, but he wouldn't be able to recall the specifics.

After doing all of this, he turned to head for the door, turned the doorknob, and left the dream.

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766: The Deities' Anchor

Editor: Atlas Studios

Knowing that the diary pages specially selected by Queen Mystic contained rather important information, The Fool Klein focused his attention and cast his eyes on the yellowish-brown goatskin in his hand.

"11th September. Ever since I became an angel, I've had the feeling that I've had my identity disassociated. In my heart, in my soul, and in the depths of my mind, there's ultimately a voice urging me, influencing me and creating an uncontrollable sense of coldness, bloodthirstiness, cruelty, and craziness.

"This doesn't stem from the external world or an influence from a god of the same pathway. I can clearly sense that it comes from one's genes, the collective subconsciousness of humanity from generation after generation. It stems from the Beyonder characteristic itself, and not from the remnant psychological influences.

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767: Passing a Message

Editor: Atlas Studios

Grimm, who got infected on the nameless island and was undeniably deceased, appeared once again on the nameless island? Emperor, when did you start writing horror stories? Also, where's the rest? Klein's gaze froze onto the last line of the third diary page, and he discovered that there wasn't any new information.

Apart from that, he was similarly alarmed by Emperor Roselle's description of the Beyonder creatures strange gathering and their worship of an unknown entity. One had to understand that not all Beyonder creatures had intelligence and could be communicated with. Many of them were monsters who had lost control or had madness as an innate property.

And these monsters that had lost control were gathered together, worshiping some unknown existence!

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768: "Conversation" Between Smart People

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sought help from Mr. Fool? You can do that? Cattleya was stunned by what she heard.

Having been punished and discovering that "His" Blessed, Gehrman Sparrow, was becoming more and more impressive, she no longer had any doubts regarding Mr. Fool's status or abilities. She even knew that when Mr. Fool pulled her in through the use of an ancient item, allowing her to escape the pursuit of knowledge, she had come to realize that "He" was an existence at least at the level of the Hidden Sage or Primordial Moon. However, for certain reasons, "He" wasn't able to interfere with the real world, making her suspect "Him" to be an ancient god that was undergoing an awakening process.

The Moon's words left her surprised that Mr. Fool was able to provide substantial help to the Tarot Club members, and wasn't just someone who could only provide knowledge or pull them above the gray fog.

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769: Sacrificing to Oneself

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ten at night. Backlund was drizzling again as a thin fog produced a blurry sense of beauty amidst the street lamps.

Isengard Stanton's assistant, Bowen, surveyed the bottom level once before walking to the side of the oriel window and was prepared to shut the final window.

At that moment, a shadow scuttled in and landed firmly on the protruding wall.

It was a blue, short-furred stray cat!

Bowen saw the large pair of yellow eyes looking at him as he couldn't help but chuckle.

"There's no food here."

As a detective's work made him prone to revenge, and him having many secrets to hide, Isengard Stanton's cook and servants were paid by the hour. There were a fixed number of hours a day, and they wouldn't prepare too much food. This made it difficult for there to be any leftovers after dinner.

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770: A Child Should Act like a Child

Editor: Atlas Studios

Mr. X is looking for people with abnormal luck? Above the gray fog, Klein ruminated over the information Miss Magician had provided, in an attempt to analyze anything of use.

After thinking to no avail, he decided to approach it from another angle. He first recalled the people who had abnormal luck around him to see if there were any connections.

Hmm… The Fog Sea's Strongest Hunter Anderson Hood counts as one… Dr. Aaron Ceres is another… Hmm, both of them were affected by one of the Snakes of Fate… Angel of Fate Ouroboros was one of the creators of Rose Redemption. This secret organization supports and believes the True Creator… The Aurora Order is equivalent to the True Creator's Church… A series of circumstances surfaced in Klein's mind as he quickly came to a conclusion.

This is Angel of Fate Ouroboros's attempt to search for Snake of Fate Will Auceptin!

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771: Fate Siphon

Editor: Atlas Studios

What item would a Snake of Fate be interested in? Klein slowly sat up and leaned against a pillow.

He thought for some time and decided to consider it at a later date. After all, he was still at least a month away from Will Auceptin's birth. He could also leave the question for The Hermit Cattleya and Queen Mystic Bernadette, who was backing her, to rack their brains over.

Of course, Klein didn't eliminate the possibility of Will Auceptin's sudden choice of having an early birth.

He slowly turned his attention into creating a Worm of Time charm. According to Will Auceptin's explanation, he had most of the conditions required, but he was just short of the corresponding symbol.

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772: Walter's Abnormality

Editor: Atlas Studios

He wants a stone from my bracelet and the right to use Leymano's Travels for some time? How does he know that I have those two items? I don't remember mentioning it during the Tarot Gatherings… After hearing Gehrman Sparrow's response, Fors was bewildered and rather shocked. It felt like he had seen through all her secrets.

She tensed up as she quickly tried recalling how this information could've been leaked.

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773: Additional Development

Editor: Atlas Studios

William Sikes… A land steward… Klein inwardly repeated the response he got before turning the topic of conversation towards the flag and the White Rose War.

After a short chat, he politely bade farewell and walked towards the other exhibits with Walter and Richardson. He continued his own tour of the exhibits, as though his encounter from before was completely trivial, a conversation that was purely coincidental.

When it was almost noon, Klein, who had returned to his high-end four-wheeled carriage, looked out at the passing bicycles when he suddenly said, "Walter, you seem to know Mr. William Sikes?"

Walter solemnly nodded and said, "I once knew him while I was working for Viscount Conrad's household.

"He served a member of the royal family, the former Earl of Lastings, Prince Edessak."

He didn't conceal anything, and he described William Sikes's background in detail.

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774: Clues

Editor: Atlas Studios

She isn't dead? She managed to escape? She's actually trying to seek revenge for Prince Edessak? At that moment that he saw Trissy, Klein nearly lost control of his expression.

Although he had guessed it based on the conversation, he still felt it exceeded his expectations when the truth was placed before him.

Without even the need for a dream divination, he could still recall the Great Smog of Backlund. Trissy had conversed with him, and back then, she was eager to escape Prince Edessak's control and escape the manipulation of her fate by the hidden person behind the scenes. She felt her daily life was filled with pain.

This Demoness who was once a man had sold her soul to an evil god to help avenge Prince Edessak? What kind of crappy trite romance plot point is this!? The corners of Klein's lips twitched as he "saw" Walter throw a bag of food to Trissy. After "hearing" him give a few words of advice, he turned and left the secluded path.

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775: Making Use

Editor: Atlas Studios

Viscount Stratford… Royal guard captain of the royal family… From this post, the Great Smog of Backlund does have inklings of a particular royal family faction being behind it. As for who it is, it will require investigation… Klein temporarily didn't have the time to verify Trissy's answer, so all he did was make Senor scoff.

"I'm a little doubtful since you are telling me this so easily."

Trissy said in a scoffing and self-deprecating manner, "That's because it's something good for me. I can tell that you and the faction you represent are very interested in the true motives of those pulling the strings of the royal family. I would be very happy if I can provide some useful clues that cause you to have conflict with them, causing the real conspirer to surface. This will aid in my revenge and also be of the greatest help to me."

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776: Preparations

Editor: Atlas Studios

Without the high tea session, Klein decided to pray at Saint Samuel Cathedral, so as to show his devoutness.

Of course, he didn't forget to stop and admire the white pigeons on the square, allowing himself to appear leisurely and calm.

He entered the cathedral, passing through the murals that were illuminated by the sun from high above and arriving at a dark and deep prayer hall.

This place wasn't as gorgeously decorated like the other Churches that had all kinds of dazzling elegant taste that produced a visual impact. Instead, it was mild and peaceful, allowing one to feel a natural sense of tranquility. As for the pure light that resembled twinkling stars up ahead, they were filled with the intense solemnity of holiness.

Klein removed his hat and handed it to Richardson along with his cane. Then, he walked down the aisle.

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777: Sick and Crazy Setup

Editor: Atlas Studios

On Friday afternoon, Klein, who had skipped a literary salon because of his feigned sickness, arrived above the gray fog once again.

In front of him was a hard-covered, palm-sized notebook which was bronze green in color. It was Leymano's Travels which The Magician Fors had provided.

After flipping the item which was closer to a spellbook over to a certain page, Klein looked at the yellowish-brown page, raised his hand, and summoned the Sea God Scepter from the junk pile.

As he injected some of his spirituality into Leymano's Travels, making it light up with a faint luster, he made the blue gem on the scepter's tip emit a bright light.

A sizzling sound was produced as bolts of silver lightning appeared out of thin air. They were thick and menacing as they zapped about, meshing together to form a hurricane.

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778: 1 + 1 > 2

Editor: Atlas Studios

While passing through the living room, Klein's spiritual perception was triggered. He felt that there was an invisible gaze scanning him from an unknown location.

He feigned ignorance as he entered the activity room ahead. He surveyed the area and found a spot that wasn't too far or close to the host's seat.

And at the moment he passed through the activity room's door, all the attention on him vanished.

If not for the Wraith having three seals to isolate it, it probably would've been noticed… Mr. X doesn't appear to be as bold and crazy as he seems… Klein sat down and moved his hood, hiding his face deeper in the shadows.

After about ten minutes, when most of the members had arrived, a brass mask-wearing Mr. X appeared by the door without causing a commotion. He walked in and headed towards his seat.

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779: One-Shot

Editor: Atlas Studios

The three types of paper in Leymano's Travels clearly had different textures. The white paper that could only record Sequence 7, 8, and 9 powers was thin, smooth and flat. The yellowish-brown goatskin which could record Sequence 5 and 6 powers were very pliable like tanned leather. The three charred yellow pages that could record godhood powers were thick and textured. Together, they allowed someone to quickly distinguish between them simply from touch.

Klein's fingers quickly found the thick and textured three pages as he gently pinched the middle page.

Although his pocket wasn't large enough, preventing him from fully opening Leymano's Travels, the hooded robe was personally modified by Fors herself. The pocket had plenty of space, allowing the palm-sized spellbook to be flipped to a right angle.

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780: Extract

Editor: Atlas Studios

Walter came to the third story and rapped on the master bedroom's door.

"Who is it?" Dwayne Dantès's slightly weak and hoarse voice sounded.

Walter turned the doorknob, opening a tiny crack in the door.

"Sir, Bishop Elektra is here to visit you.

"Do you wish to meet him in the living room or activity room, or should he be invited directly to your bedroom?"

Usually, visitors weren't permitted to enter the master's bedroom. This was rather impolite, but visiting the sick was an exception.

After a brief silence, Dwayne Dantès replied, "Invite him into the bedroom."

"Alright, sir." As Walter gestured Richardson to urge a maid to prepare some tea, he walked down and invited Bishop Elektra of the Church of Evernight up.

Soon, Elektra entered the bedroom and saw Dwayne Dantès lying in bed, looking haggard.

"Richardson, get the bishop a seat," the pale Dwayne Dantès said with a smile.

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781: Negative Effects

Editor: Atlas Studios

After staring at Mr. X's corpse for a while, Klein held back the urge to personally dig through his pockets for spoils of war. He made Wraith Senor take two steps and retrieve the ruby ring.

This way, even if Mr. X carried an item with unimaginable negative effects, it would be endured by the marionette and not affect himself.

After some careful inspecting, Senor held the ruby ring, 48 pounds in cash, and an ordinary pipe filled with tobacco and walked back.

That's all? An Oracle of the Aurora Order only has this much? Klein was rather surprised at this scene as he nearly cursed "pauper" at him.

Soon, he recovered his calm and used his reasoning to convince himself that such a situation was very reasonable.

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782: Saturday Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

On Saturday morning, Klein, who was wearing pajamas, rubbed his head and got out of bed.

He didn't sleep well, as different women would inevitably enter his dreams, scaring him awake. He needed to spend several seconds to calm his emotions before returning to sleep again.

Thankfully, this weakness only lasts six hours, and there's no need for me to head out in the middle of the night. I didn't have to face the maids… Klein sighed as he pulled the rope beside his bed. Richardson, who had been waiting outside, immediately entered with the clothes his employer needed to wear.

I've no idea what Arrodes said. Richardson seems to try to avoid me when facing me… Was it the kind of ladies he mentioned he likes, and that it happens to also be at odds with how society views it? Klein happened to only hear the magic mirror mention the kind of women that Butler Walter liked when he rushed back. He wasn't sure what had happened prior to that.

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783: The Trick to Communication

Editor: Atlas Studios

When he heard the illusory pleas, Klein was attending a banquet at Portland Moment's place due to the time difference.

The banquet began from half-past seven, and it continued all the way to half-past nine, and even ten. This was because the appetizers, soup, side dishes, main dishes, staple food, vegetables, fruits, and desserts had numbered a total of ten to twenty dishes. The footmen would serve the dishes one after the other, removing and changing dishes in unison to prevent the dining table from turning chaotic, and also providing an interval between the dishes in order to allow the guests to chat. Gentlemen would take the initiative to talk to the ladies to their right.

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784: Character Assassination

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ma'am Willis glanced at Dwayne Dantès and said with a smile, completely unfazed, "Your past, and your experiences in Desi Bay and the Southern Continent, are more interesting than any novel I've read. It makes me feel like having a similar experience of my own."

Of course, they're just real-life stories that have been tweaked. It's all thanks to Anderson Hood, a hunter that goes everywhere… As Klein cast his gaze on a tiny butter cake, he chuckled.

"It's because those are only the interesting ones. There are many that I'd rather not be reminded of."

After that simple statement, he began enjoying the dessert. However, when Ma'am Willis and the other ladies heard that, they were somehow reminded of a best-selling novel, "A Man with a Story." To them, Dwayne Dantès was such a man. Although he looked like a placid lake, there was more deep down. Hidden there were more pleasant surprises and plenty of pain.

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785: Trissy's Discovery

Editor: Atlas Studios

100 Böklund Street, in a corner of the garden in Portland Moment's residence.

The many ants and worms that were gathering there slowly dispersed as the cold, creepy sensation faded.

That person with extraordinary powers likely doesn't have any experience… With her goal achieved, Hazel nodded indiscernibly before turning around briskly and strolling through the garden.

She wasn't in a rush to return as she enjoyed the crimson moonlight, the cold air, and the faint flowery scent.

After a long while, Hazel stopped her stroll and left the garden, entering the hall on the first story.

At this moment, apart from the guests still playing Texas hold'em, many ladies and gentlemen had bid farewell. Moments after Hazel found her mother, Ma'am Riana, she saw her father, Member of Parliament Macht, and a few other gentlemen walking down as they conversed with lively expressions.

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786: Accounting Fraud

Editor: Atlas Studios

Hat Trick Inn on Cherwood Borough's 22 Hope Street.

Just as the attendant at the front desk was about to drink some water, she saw a lady walk in.

The lady was about 1.65 meters tall, and she wore a light-colored dress with frilly sides. Her brown curly hair cascaded down as she wore colored glasses. She looked casual, just like someone who had just returned from Desi Bay.

She held a dark brown leather suitcase as she unhurriedly walked to the front desk.

A lady with extraordinary disposition… Her attire is nice… How I wish I could see what she looks like without her glasses… As a female, the attendant habitually sized up her clothes and accessories.

She then heard the lady say in a languid tone, "One night. A single room."

"2 soli and 8 pence." The attendant gave her the room rate for the day and directly asked, "Do you have any identification documents?"

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787: Dorian's Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

Gehrman Sparrow... Dorian felt the vessels on his forehead pulse when he heard that as he held his hands together, tensing up without realizing it.

Situated in Pritz Harbor, he inevitably learned of the various news at sea, both actively and passively, knowing far more than the residents in Backlund who relied on the newspapers.

In recent months, he often heard from different channels of information about Gehrman Sparrow. From killing Steel Maveti to severely injuring Vice Admiral Ailment Tracy, to successfully hunting Admiral of Blood Senor, all these stories were colored with mania.

He left the sea and came to Backlund? He hasn't changed his trait of craziness! Dorian held back the horror and wariness that subconsciously rose in his heart as he looked at his student and said in a deep voice, "It's best that you minimize your communication with that bounty hunter.

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788: Hidden Passage

Editor: Atlas Studios

"It's fine," Klein replied with a warm smile.

Although he didn't seem to notice anything, thoughts were flying through his mind. He began considering what the anomaly that happened during that instant meant.

Previously, the Keepers would head upstairs along the nearby staircase. It can be preliminary determined that they live there, coinciding with the area where the anomaly happened… The Keepers aren't in the best of conditions, so the chances of them losing control are greater than ordinary Beyonders, causing them to suddenly release a sense of an evil and diabolical will?

And this was suppressed and quelled by the core seal deep behind Chanis Gate?

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789: Each Person's Monday

Editor: Atlas Studios

9:30 a.m., Backlund Bridge area, Iron Gate Street, Bravehearts Bar.

Emlyn White stood rooted to his spot after he got down from the carriage. He stared ahead in a daze, nearly forgetting to avoid the sunlight.

At that moment, the bar's main door was shut with no signs of it opening.

As a Sanguine who seldom left his home and only went to places like bars at night, Emlyn never expected the bar to be closed in the morning. He had left the Harvest Church in a rush via the transportation system after seeing the paper slip, hoping to obtain any first-hand intelligence.

To save time, he even tolerated the cramped environment and stench of the metro.

At that moment, Emlyn was somewhat peeved, but he knew that he had made the mistake. All he could do was pull a face and circle around Iron Gate Street to not waste his trip.

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790: The End of the Diary

Editor: Atlas Studios

All the mausoleums have been built… What's done cannot be undone… Klein looked at the diary page in his hand as his thoughts boiled over as ideas kept emerging and shattering.

From his point of view, this diary page of Emperor Roselle nearly proved his previous conjectures. He had chosen to forcefully switch to the Black Emperor pathway in his later years, doing so at the cost of going mad to become a Sequence 0 true god!

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791: New Model

Editor: Atlas Studios

As a youth that came from the Internet age on Earth, Klein quickly understood Miss Magician's idea, how she prepared to do it, and what she was relying on.

Isn't this sharing economy? With the Tarot Club and The Fool, there's no technological limitation… Miss Magician is usually lazy and doesn't have a strong presence, but I never expected her to have sharp acumen on such matters Hmm, it also stems from me requesting to borrow the spellbook… Regardless, to be able to quickly be inspired and set up a business model is pretty good… Klein deliberately made The World Gehrman Sparrow hesitate for a few seconds before saying, "I might need it this weekend and next week."

He was estimating this based on the time it took Mr. Hanged Man to return from the Abyss Maelstrom to the Rorsted Sea, while also allocating time for him to stabilize his spirituality and replenish his supplies.

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792: The Fool's Authority

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Hermit similarly thought of The World Gehrman Sparrow from hearing the Beyonder powers which were recorded in Leymano's Travels.

I wonder if I can pay a certain price to get The Fool to showcase demigod powers of the Storm pathway as well as "His" domain… This will be better than seeking the help of the Moses Ascetic Order. That will make them know of my possession of Leymano's Travels… Hmm, I should first write to Her Majesty. Perhaps, she will come to the Future to showcase her powers… Cattleya was increasingly convinced that the spellbook had a value that exceeded its level and was very regretful that Miss Magician was only renting it.

After hearing the description, Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief. This was because the Beyonder powers like Lightning were very lethal against artificial vampires.

Of course, it was the same for Sanguine.

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793: Surprise Visitor

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Mr. Moon's question, Fors nearly blurted out, *"Of course! Better than anyone else! I'm just not too aware of the details."*

However, she controlled her mouth in time as she apprehensively looked at Mr. World.

At the same time, Alger, Audrey, and Cattleya vaguely guessed that the serious matter that had happened in Backlund's East Borough was the assassination of the Aurora Order's Oracle. Based on the inferences they had before, it was done by The World!

And as Emlyn wasn't a Spectator, he wasn't able to tell from her eyes. All Fors could do was force a smile at Emlyn.

"I'm unable to tell you the specifics.

"I only know that demigod-level Beyonder powers of the Storm domain appeared back then. The Church of Storms places a great deal of attention over the matter."

She didn't dare divulge the reasons on behalf of Mr. World, simply describing what she had seen.

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794: Short-Term Investment

Editor: Atlas Studios

Someone else is selling? Klein ruminated over those words without immediately asking. After the servant placed the silver three-layered tray down for high tea and left, he said with a smile, "Ma'am, why don't you purchase it yourself?

"Even a blind person knows that Loen will place more attention on environmental pollution in the future. Therefore, the Coim Company, that deal with anthracite and high-quality charcoal, definitely has a promising future. It being worth half a million or even a million pounds wouldn't be a fantasy. Of course, the premise is that the company's management can keep up with the corresponding expansion.

"In such a situation, the acquisition of shares in the Coim Company is definitely a profitable business. If I were you, I'd take it for myself, no matter how much debt I get myself into."

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795: Patience

Editor: Atlas Studios

As a Sanguine who liked to stay home, the number of battles Emlyn had involved himself in could be counted on one hand. Furthermore, he had never attempted fighting in the state of a numbers disadvantage.

Be it his attack on the previous Primordial Moon believer, or resisting Bishop Utravsky from the Harvest Church, he basically had the numerical advantage in being the worst at one-on-one fights.

Thinking back to the failure of his family of three attempting to defeat the half-giant bishop, Emlyn's expression turned livid as though he had recalled the torture he suffered back at the Harvest Church.

As there weren't many residents living here, and with Galis Kevin having sharp senses as an artificial vampire, he didn't dare stay outside the door for too long. He quickly walked past the area and walked to the end of the corridor and hid in the shadows.

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796: Slowly Becoming Proficient

Editor: Atlas Studios

Not good! Emlyn White traced Argos's gaze and realized that he had forgotten to deal with the old newspapers and the tiny wooden chest.

Although they were part of the room, they were placed in different parts of the room. Now, they were put together, making it appear rather odd. It was as though someone had wanted to do something with them before having to give up for the time being.

Then, why would there be a need to give up? Was the person alarmed by the knocking of the door? That means that the murderer hadn't left and is hiding in a particular corner of the room? Similar thoughts flashed in Argos's and Emlyn's mind at the same time. However, one of them was feeling perplexed, while the other was reverse-inferring the other party's thoughts.

No good!

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797: Reward

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside Odora's villa, Emlyn saw Cosmi, who was also a Baron like he was.

This Sanguine who seemed like a man in his prime was Nibbs Odora's spokesperson.

I'm also a Baron, and one that recently achieved adulthood at that… Emlyn mumbled inwardly. He got up from the sofa in the activity room and bowed.

"Good evening, My Lord."

Cosmi was just about to say something when his nose twitched. He then cast his gaze towards the wooden chest beside Emlyn's feet.

"The smell of fresh blood?"

As he asked in puzzlement, he seemed to connect the dots and added after a second of thought, "You killed another target?"

Emlyn curled his lips and shook his head.

"No."

Then, before Cosmi could ask further, his smile turned profound.

"Not one, but two."

Two? The middle-aged gentleman was taken aback as he watched Emlyn bend down to open the lid.

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798: Revisiting an Old Haunt

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cherwood Borough, outside the Coim Company.

When Klein alighted from the carriage, he looked around as if he had never been here before, as though everything had a strong sense of novelty.

In fact, he wasn't a stranger to the area. He knew that opposite the street was the Gardeley department store where the middle-class enjoyed patronizing, and that there was a shop not far away that was famous for its specialty Desi pies.

He had once spent a considerable amount of time here waiting for Doragu Gale, to tail him so as to obtain evidence to his acts of adultery!

Retracting his gaze, Klein walked towards the Coim Company with Richardson. Ma'am Mary and her lady's maid were already waiting there.

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799: Spying

Editor: Atlas Studios

North Borough, Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Just as Klein entered the main prayer hall, he used the points of light that shone from the back of the altar to survey his surroundings, taking in all the believers inside.

In one glance, Klein rapidly locked onto a target. He followed the aisle and walked forward without showing any abnormal signs.

In the first row was an elder wearing a black clergyman's robe, but he exuded a cold aura. His face was pale, and his hair was withered and yellow. He had his eyes closed tightly as he prayed with great focus. He was one of the Keepers that Klein had previously sensed.

His shift is usually on Friday… Klein didn't approach him and instead sat two pews away from him. After finding a spot to sit down, he handed over his hat and cane to Richardson.

Then, while sitting down, he tapped his left thumb on the first segment of his index finger twice, silently activating his Spirit Body Threads vision.

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800: Psychologically Becoming "Better"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Who is it? Who is the one speaking? Klein's muscles tensed up as he nearly opened his eyes.

At that moment, his back oozed with sweat that soaked his shirt.

What he was most alarmed of wasn't the words said, but that it directly sounded in his heart and had modulated the voice to sound exactly like his.

Although I maintained my lucidity in that dream, I still had my Spirit Body tainted by his psyche that was on the verge of losing control? Or is someone using that Keeper to pass me a message? Countless guesses ran through Klein's mind. Finally, combining the contents of what was said and his own situation, he came up with a preliminary judgment.

The number of people who knows about my identity as Klein Moretti is few to begin with. Likewise for those who know that Klein Moretti had once sworn an oath while touching a Holy Artifact. Furthermore, there's almost no intersection between the two.

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801: Plea

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a brief moment of stupefaction, Emlyn couldn't help but look around. He suspected that The World was lurking around him, as though he was one of the nearby believers.

After all, he had never mentioned the Mental Terror Candle at the Tarot Club. Bishop Utravsky seldom had conflicts with others, so he almost never used any mystical items. If it wasn't because Emlyn had been planted with a psychological cue to frequently head to the Harvest Church and received the heads-up from Sherlock Moriarty, he wouldn't have asked the bishop and learned of the existence of the Mental Terror Candle.

At that instant, everyone looked like The World to Emlyn. Be it the plump middle-aged man, the granny with a gray headscarf, or the fashionable beauty, he felt that all of them looked like they had something similar to The World.

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802: Follow-up Solutions

Editor: Atlas Studios

When Klein opened his eyes again, the threats and pleas in his mind had vanished. The light-blue flame before his eyes continued burning on that pitch-black wick.

He seriously inspected the state of his Spirit Body and confirmed that the signs of chaos were gone. His aura's colors had turned pure and were no longer spotted.

It's finally resolved… Klein heaved a sigh of relief and lowered the Sea God Scepter. With a snap of his fingers, he extinguished the Mental Terror Candle.

He didn't immediately return to the real world. He sat quietly above the gray fog as he used the silent palace to calm the remnant negative emotions that his inner heart couldn't vent.

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803: Name Rectification

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amongst all the Sanguine present, even if Emlyn wasn't the oddest, he was definitely among the top ten.

As a member of a race born with a long lifespan, having one or more hobbies to kill time was common. Emlyn wasn't the only one who liked dolls, but that wasn't the problem. Aside from purchasing new dolls and matching them with new clothes, or obtaining blood from hospitals to drink, he almost never left his home. Nor did he enjoy interacting with his fellow kinsmen. Unless he desired relatively fresh blood, needed to obtain some historical knowledge, or exchange for certain ingredients, he never participated in any of the corresponding gatherings.

Such a lifestyle was nearly identical to the aging, high-ranking Sanguine who had no choice but to lie in specially-made coffins to barely maintain their existence. It looked nothing like that of a fellow who had recently matured. As a result, Emlyn became a topic of idle conversation at many Sanguine gatherings.

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804: Archaeological Team

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he sighed, Klein indulged himself by relaxing like an ordinary person enjoying a rare instance of serenity and comfort in his dream.

After about fifteen minutes, he finally waited to the point when the Church's Beyonder that was sent to placate him had left.

Finally… I can sleep in peace… Klein planned on opening his eyes out of habit before falling asleep again, but he realized that once he wasn't on high alert and on guard, the remnant sense of tranquility in his dream would allow him to directly fall into a deep slumber.

That night, the quality of his sleep was extremely good, and he only managed to wake up at daybreak. Outside, the sun had just peeked out over the horizon, while the moon remained shining in the sky, and there was a slight howl from the winds.

Klein lazily dazed in bed for nearly ten minutes before picking up the golden pocket watch by his bedside table and snapping it open.

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805: Meeting Up

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the building of the Relic Search and Preservation Foundation, Audrey, whose thoughts were undergoing an upheaval, blinked. She took note of her body language and expressions as she drew a crimson moon on her chest in a half-genuine manner. She said with a sigh, "What a tragedy. I hope that their spirits can rest in peace."

The reason she had guessed that the archaeological team had comprised of members of the Psychology Alchemists was that she had previously received a mission to help the organization obtain a notebook related to the Twenty-Year War from Associate Professor Michele. And this notebook belonged to the knight from Hartlarkh Village, Lindelira.

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806: Entering the Island in the Middle of the Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

He did teleport over… How extravagant… Alger tensed up before relaxing; however, he did not let his guard down at all.

Upon meeting Gehrman Sparrow again, he discovered that there wasn't much of a change to him. However, his every action had the indescribable air of a powerhouse, and the profundity he exuded left him apprehensive.

As expected of the crazy adventurer who can instigate a battle of demigod proportions while escaping unscathed… The slight bit of smugness of having become a Sequence 5 vanished from Alger.

He slowly walked over with lantern in hand. When he saw Gehrman Sparrow, he deliberately probed, "The traces you left behind might not vanish for the next few centuries or even millennia."

He was trying to confirm if the mountain's collapse had anything to do with Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein shot a glance at the modified terrain as he released his grip on his top hat and smiled in a gentlemanly manner.

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807: Mediocre Luck

Editor: Atlas Studios

Sensing the land quake, Alger's heart tightened as he glanced at Gehrman Sparrow, using his actions to replace his words.

The sound of wind howled beside him, allowing him to run more easily and quickly to the side.

The reason why Alger had done so was because he was worried that Gehrman Sparrow would suddenly go mad and decide to hunt the terrifying creature inside the dark underground cave. If that were to happen, even if they ultimately clinched a victory, it would've been extremely disadvantageous for the subsequent explorations.

As an experienced Sailor, he knew that decisive action spurred companions who remained indecisive into subconsciously following his actions.

Upon seeing this, Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he gave up the discussion about politeness. He widened his stride and ran behind The Hanged Man.

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808: Awful Singing

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing The Hanged Man, Klein's heart skipped a beat. He had an ominous premonition as he ignored his persona, put down the lantern, and took out two slips of paper. He then crumpled them into a ball and stuffed them into his ears.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow do it without any questions, Alger heaved a sigh of relief. He reflected on how nice it was to work with an experienced fellow. Even though he was an adventurer known to be crazy, he was someone who followed reasonable instructions. He knew what and what not to do.

Just as he was about to throw the dead rat which still retained some of its warmth at the Illusory Chime Tree to divert its attention, he suddenly saw the shrubs shake as a yellow-skinned, black-striped tiger appeared.

Amidst the melodic chimes, the tiger walked towards the strange tree normally, but its eyes were glazed over. It felt indescribably creepy.

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809: The Danger Amidst the Darkness

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bang!

The loud gunshot reverberated in the sparse and open region as they extended outwards. If it was an ordinary island with an ordinary forest at night, it would've alarmed the birds and beasts, sending them scattering away. But here, everything remained quiet, so quiet that it didn't seem like any living creatures existed.

As for that black curly-haired baboon, its head had burst open, splattering blood and brain matter everywhere like it was raining.

The black crystal at its head shattered as well, with not a single piece remaining intact.

Klein bent his arm and slowly retracted Death Knell which was still spewing out smoke. He watched as the mutated curly-haired baboon's stocky body, one more that was muscular than a human's, collapse to the group.

By approaching with Traveling, forcefully controlling with Wraith, and seizing the opportunity to deal a lethal strike with Death Knell, it was an instant kill!

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810: Whose Cathedral

Editor: Atlas Studios

A cathedral… We came to the same judgment… Klein looked at the ruin ahead of him as he silently muttered to himself.

At that moment, the tiny amount of crimson moonlight that penetrated the mist had scattered onto the collapsed building. Compared to before, it was a lot richer in color, almost approaching the color of blood.

Klein maintained Gehrman Sparrow's trademark cold attitude as he said in an unperturbed manner, "Where did you previously explore?"

As he spoke, Klein glanced at the lantern in The Hanged Man's hand which remained unshattered despite all the ordeals. He subconsciously tensed up his muscles and skin when he saw the glow from the flame.

Although the flame was ultimately contained by thick glass and metal frame, it still left him a little afraid.

Alger didn't notice the minute changes in Gehrman Sparrow as he raised his dagger-wielding right hand and pointed at the grandest building amidst the ruin.

"There."

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811: The Picture in the Catacombs

Editor: Atlas Studios

After passing through the door opening and going underground, there wasn't a sliver of natural light in front of Klein and Alger. The ceiling was intact, preventing any crimson moonlight from seeping in after penetrating the mist.

Alger raised the lantern in his hand, lighting up the area up ahead with a limited dim yellow glow.

Klein took a glance and discovered at least six stone statues of both sexes. They were entirely grayish-white in color, and even their clothes looked like they were engraved.

These stone statues included elves, giants, and humans that had an ancient dress sense. Apart from their frozen expressions of pain and despair, there wasn't anything similar.

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812: Myth from Another Perspective

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon clearly seeing the picture through Senor's vision, Klein's heart raced so loudly that even he could hear it.

As a Seer who was good at interpreting revelations and symbolism, he felt his blood gush to his head, leaving his head swelling. It seemed to prevent him from engaging in thinking deeper into it.

Even so, there was an ethereal voice belonging to him that resounded in his mind. It was filled with alarm.

Th-that figure that's dismembered and eaten likely represents the Ancient Sun God, the Lord that created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God which the City of Silver believes in!

And I-I've seen the three evil figures surrounding "Him" before!

In the underground ruin in Backlund, the place that sealed that terrifying evil spirit!

They existed in the form of a statue but didn't look as evil as the picture depicts them to be. Th-they each respectively represent:

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813: Tyrant

Editor: Atlas Studios

Aside from the Sailor pathway's Raging Blow, Alger knew that he didn't have any powers that were adequate against the six-winged gargoyle's strong body due to its immunity to lightning strikes.

Of course, directly creating a resonance with its hearing organs and Body of Heart and Mind through the use of his singing was the most effective method. If this encounter had been anywhere else, Alger definitely would've exploited the gargoyle's great weight and lack of agility to circle around it. Then, as he sang to affect it, he would attack the same spot with sharp wind blades, slowly grinding away at his enemy through the cumulative damage over time.

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814: Disappeared

Editor: Atlas Studios

The long sigh that sounded from deep within the cathedral had left the back muscles of Klein and Alger tense as they were pumped with adrenaline.

Without any hesitation, Klein's left glove turned transparent as he vanished, appearing beside The Hanged Man.

As he reached out to grab his shoulder, Senor also picked up the jellyfish-like Beyonder characteristic and, with the help of mirror leap, returned back to the gold coin inside the iron cigar case.

Right on the heels of that, Klein's and Alger's bodies turned incorporeal and invisible, leaving the catacombs silent again.

The two of them were directly teleported into midair a distance away. Their figures came into existence amidst the shadows of the clouds and the crimson moonlight.

Subconsciously, Klein and Alger turned their heads in unison to look at the primitive island, wishing to know if any changes would happen to it.

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815: After-action review

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, 160 Böklund Street.

Gehrman Sparrow's figure suddenly appeared inside his bedroom as his black trench coat fluttered while his half top hat remained straight.

The Dwayne Dantès lying in bed immediately turned incorporeal, receding into a palm-sized mirror.

Probably no one came tonight. Arrodes didn't cause any trouble… Upon seeing the peace and quiet, Klein secretly heaved a sigh of relief as his body grew a lot taller and his sideburns turned gray. His blue eyes deepened as he transformed into Dwayne Dantès.

Meanwhile, watery waves stirred in the mirror as silver light gathered to outline words:

"Great Master, I didn't do anything today! No, I seriously acted as the sleeping Dwayne Dantès.

"In addition, I encountered something. Do you wish to know what it was?"

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816: Completing the Transaction

Editor: Atlas Studios

After listing down all the important points, Klein rapped the edge of the long mottled table and silently muttered, *The one who sighed in the depths of the cathedral is a member of the Twilight Hermit Order?*

Qilangos had caught the eye of the Twilight Hermit Order after he managed to venture deep inside? Later, he obtained an advancement and received Creeping Hunger, allowing him to become a Pirate Admiral?

If that's the case, it can be understood why he didn't go to the primitive island again to take away the Tyrant card after possessing the strength of a Sequence 5… It's yours only if it's given. You can't touch it if it's not given?

Of course, Qilangos might've established contact with that member of the Twilight Hermit Order during his second visit of the cathedral after possessing enough combat strength…

Regardless, that primitive island must have quite a connection with the Twilight Hermit Order.

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817: Guests

Editor: Atlas Studios

As a polite gentleman, Klein obviously wouldn't stare at Aaron's wife. He looked at the famous surgeon and said, "Good evening, Aaron. How may I address your lovely companion?"

Aaron's cold demeanor hadn't changed, but it didn't stop him from handing over an intricately packed bottle of red wine and say with a polite smile, "My wife, Wilma Gladys, a middle school teacher."

"It appears you are about to become a father again. When's it due?" Klein received the present and asked.

The topic he had planned to cover when talking to Dr. Aaron had been about a few new surgery techniques in the papers, but he never expected him to bring his pregnant wife.

This was a pleasant surprise for him. This was because Ma'am Wilma Gladys was expecting the unborn Snake of Mercury, Will Auceptin.

Aaron subconsciously glanced at his wife's tummy and said with a smile, "Early July. If you don't mind, I wish to invite you to his birth party."

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818: Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein's gaze moved away from Wilma Gladys and looked to the pastries like carrot cake and cream puffs to the side, as well as the roasted poussin, stewed lamb, seared rib-eye, Desi roasted fish, and the other food nearby.

He gulped his saliva slightly and forced himself to retract his gaze as he prepared to invite Ma'am Mary for the second dance.

As the host, he couldn't skip any of the first three dances; therefore, all he could do was temporarily forget his hunger and the delicacies.

And at this moment, Wilma Gladys, whose pregnant state showed, walked to the spot where there was ice-cream. She reached out her hand before retracting it.

"You want some?" Dr. Aaron hadn't joined the first dance as he stayed by his pregnant wife's side.

Wilma Gladys sternly shook her head.

"No, I don't. I'm pregnant. It's not good to have ice-cream.

"However, the little fella in my tummy seems to want a little, just a little."

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819: Gift

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amidst a soothing melody, Klein and Hazel began dancing with their backs straight. One was tall and slim, and apart from the clear difference in age, their movements, demeanor, and looks were highly compatible. It was a beautiful sight to behold, one that could almost be used as a prime example for dancing.

Klein took the initiative to break the silence. As they twirled, he casually said, "I often had nightmares some time ago, but thankfully I had the Goddess's blessings. I prayed a few times at the cathedral and drank a few cups of holy water, and after that, I stopped jolting awake."

Hazel silently looked up and, after two seconds, asked, "What kind of nightmare?"

To think you will be interested in such a topic… Will Auceptin was right after all… Klein replied with a smile, "I was being pursued by all kinds of monsters inside an abandoned, dilapidated cathedral.

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820: Two Dazed Instances

Editor: Atlas Studios

Who is it? As a Sheriff, Xio had a sharp intuition for monitoring others and for being monitored by others. Her heart tensed up as her mind raced to consider what had just happened.

In the past two to three weeks, she hadn't encountered anything particularly noteworthy. The few criminals she apprehended weren't Beyonders, and they were, at best, related to certain gangs. No one would offend a famous bounty hunter in East Borough for them. Therefore, she quickly narrowed down the list of suspects, and she vaguely guessed at the spy's faction.

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821: Soul Imprint

Editor: Atlas Studios

Xio was dazed for about ten seconds before remembering the need to reply. She looked at the golden-masked man and nodded.

"Alright, I'll take note of the people Viscount Stratford interacts with."

The golden-masked man seemed to sense her dazed state as he said, "There's another mission. The Church of Evernight's Red Gloves are investigating something related to the Numinous Episcopate. If you have any relevant information on that, immediately inform me."

Xio tersely responded, unable to extricate herself from her emotions.

The golden-masked man fell silent for a few seconds and asked after some deliberation, "Are you interested in directly joining MI9?

"You can continue maintaining your present identity, being active in East Borough."

Xio was taken aback for two seconds as her mouth turned agape. She was momentarily unable to make a decision.

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822: Another

Editor: Atlas Studios

I knew it. Miss Justice wouldn't not ask when she sees an additional card… I got through another question so easily… Klein secretly smiled as he casually flipped over the new Card of Blasphemy, showing it to Justice.

"Tyrant."

As expected, Gehrman Sparrow has handed it over… That was Mr. Fool's goal? Alger eagerly glanced at Emperor Roselle in a papal tiara as he thought poignantly.

He had already obtained the Cataclysmic Interrer potion formula, and he knew what ritual was needed. He was in a great mood and felt that, although there were obstacles ahead of him, he was filled with radiance and hope.

Audrey quickly took in the details of the Card of Blasphemy.

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823: The Maturing Tarot Club

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the captain of the Future, Cattleya knew of the latent dangers that Frank Lee had better than anyone else. She knew that this first mate's strange ideas would at times be about truly terrifying and crazy developments. If it wasn't because those "creations" had yet to be proliferated and lacked the necessary elements, Cattleya believed that the world would be different.

Of course, if there came such a day, she would finish off Frank Lee ahead of everyone else by feeding him to the fishes!

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824: Conflict

Editor: Atlas Studios

It comes from a curly-haired baboon… Audrey was momentarily unsure if Mr. World was referring to a real curly-haired baboon or someone who couldn't be considered human.

In the Loen Kingdom, curly-haired baboons were a common term used to mock others, often used as a joke for low intelligence.

From the looks of it, Mr. World doesn't wish to provide any further explanation. Alright then, I'll just treat its origins as that of a real curly-haired baboon… Audrey didn't ask further as she said, "Didn't I visit a place that had the tradition of worshiping dragons while seeking out the traces of a mind dragon?"

"But didn't you discover that the mind dragon lived in the sea of collective subconscious in the local residents? And to ensure your safety, you chose to leave?" Cattleya replied.

"You went back?" Fors asked with a guess.

Audrey shook her head.

"No, I've long left the area. I've only heard of a rumor recently.

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825: Reservation

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Mr. Hanged Man's question, Derrick replied in shame, "No. I've been constantly assigned to patrol missions recently, and I didn't have the time to investigate."

Alger wasn't too surprised, but he was puzzled over one thing.

"Why don't you get the help of a few friends?

"You don't have to tell them your true motives. Split the task into very minor missions that wouldn't garner much attention. Let them search for information in different areas. This way, even if anything gets exposed, it wouldn't implicate them in a fatal way."

Derrick fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "I do not have friends."

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826: The Thought of Being Forgotten

Editor: Atlas Studios

Monday evening. 160 Böklund Street.

Klein set up a ritual and summoned himself. He planned on investigating the secret hidden in the sewers.

While responding above the gray fog, he was in a dilemma about the card to use—the Black Emperor or the Tyrant card. It was like the selection of clothes before heading out.

In consideration of how Backlund was a place where the Church of Storms was a very powerful faction, and being afraid that he would end up attracting High-Sequence irascible bros, Klein ultimately chose to use the Black Emperor card. He wore a crown and black armor with a cape behind him.

Aside from this Card of Blasphemy, he also brought Creeping Hunger, Azik's copper whistle, Senor's gold coin, and Broken Finger, the Marauder pathway's mystical item which Cattleya had given him three hours ago, as well as some ordinary explosives.

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827: Plenty of People Coming and Going

Editor: Atlas Studios

Despite getting in bed, Klein didn't manage to sleep until daybreak. This was because he believed that, with most people stirred awake from the commotion underground, him sleeping too soundly without noticing anything would make him suspicious.

Indeed, just as he got out of bed, walked to the balcony, and drew the curtains to pretend to search for the source of the commotion, Walter came knocking at his door. Two servants with double-barreled hunting rifles were assigned to protect their employer to prevent any accidents from happening.

Before long, the police arrived. Based on the descriptions of the residents in the area, they identified the sewers as the target.

As for what they discovered or whether they sought backup from the Nighthawks, the ordinary citizen, Mr. Dwayne Dantès, had no idea.

After confirming that there wouldn't be any more accidents, he sent his butler and servants away and quickly got some sleep.

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828: Movement of the Night

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein had set the dream to be that of 160 Böklund Street. He produced many beauties that circled around Dwayne Dantès. He did this to perfectly create the image of a knowledgeable and experienced tycoon who could only let go in his dreams while holding back in the real world to uphold his reputation.

Sitting on a sofa and receiving a cup of red wine from a young lady, Klein found his surroundings suddenly change before he could even taste it. It turned from his brightly-lit villa filled with elegant beauties to a dark, humid, and dirty sewer.

Following that, he saw five familiar explosives in his hands.

Aren't these the ones I placed earlier? Klein was first taken aback as he pretended to jump in fright, throwing away the explosives as he looked around warily.

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829: Arrival of June

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the dark night, and within the green vine forest, Klein closed his eyes as he listened to that musical movement that was emitted from the sky.

He felt calm in both body and mind, but he felt a faint sense of depression and sadness grow, emanate, and resonate.

After an unknown period of time, the soothing melody finally disappeared as the hanging pea vines gently swayed in the night wind.

Klein sighed silently as he opened his eyes and looked up. He saw that Queen Mystic Bernadette had handed over the orifice-filled human skull back to the "servant" that was half-man, half-wind.

"It's done." Bernadette's gentle and calm voice sounded.

"Thank you for your help." Klein bowed once again as he controlled Wraith Senor to return to his side.

At this moment, the pea vines retracted upwards and slowly turned faint. Soon, the green forest vanished.

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830: Infiltration

Editor: Atlas Studios

The mirror on Klein's pillow glowed with an aqueous luster as silver points of light gathered to form Loenese words:

"Exalted Great Master, your loyal and humble servant, Arrodes, is constantly at your service!"

Klein stood beside the bed and looked at the mirror before calmly asking, "Where is the Antigonus family's notebook located behind Saint Samuel Cathedral's Chanis Gate?"

He wanted to confirm the location so that he could directly head for his target and complete his plan in the shortest time possible. Through this, he could avoid all kinds of accidents.

Silver text distorted and changed on the mirror's surface, forming a new line of text:

"It's a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact. It will be on the right in basement two. I can't see anything more specific."

Klein tersely acknowledged as he said, "It's your turn to ask."

Arrodes immediately dispersed the silver words and presented a new question:

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831: Just Inches Away

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing Leonard, Klein's back muscles instantly stiffened. His nerves tensed up like a fully-drawn bow that could snap at any moment.

He remembered very clearly that Leonard had a Marauder pathway angel, Pallez Zoroast, parasitizing him. "He" could sense the uniqueness about his body and, from that, see through his disguise.

If that Grandpa were to inform Leonard of the problem with the Keeper in front of him, that would be troublesome. I'll just have to hope that my dear poet is afraid that his secret will be exposed and that he would feign ignorance… Back in Tingen, although he often said that everyone has their secrets and that there's no need to worry about it, that's all regarding matters pertaining to the Church. Who knows if he suddenly feels the need to uphold justice and decides to be loyal and take the risk to expose me. After all, this matter is very similar with Ince Zangwill's… At that moment, Klein's forehead nearly broke out into a sweat.

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832: Town

Editor: Atlas Studios

Before his brain "short-circuited," Klein only had time for two thoughts:

How powerful. There's no way to resist…

I wonder if I can be revived from such a death…

As his thoughts resonated, Klein's vision turned pitch-black. He lost all his senses as he entered a dreamless slumber.

After an unknown period of time, the silent darkness suddenly stirred. He vaguely felt a sense of grogginess as he felt a cold wind blow at him.

As his thoughts thawed bit by bit, Klein slowly opened his eyes and saw fog everywhere above him. The crimson moon was hidden in it, occasionally showing itself.

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833: Things to Take Note Of

Editor: Atlas Studios

Inside the dark, foggy town, the woman who walked out of the alley seemed to be out of place with her surroundings. She was pure, stately, and untainted. She was so gorgeous that it lit up the eyes of anyone whose gaze landed on her.

As for her pure, simple robe and her loosely pulled back hair, they added to her bearing and languidness.

That gorgeous woman also noticed Senor. Her expression froze for a moment before she smiled. using a sweet voice, she said, "Senor…

"When did you become a marionette? If not for the powers of Evernight contaminating you this badly, I wouldn't have recognized you."

Although she looked like she was talking to Senor, she was actually conversing with the controller through the marionette.

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834: Good Luck

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Got you…"

Invisible threads emanated over as Panatiya said that. They quickly wrapped around Gehrman Sparrow as though she was binding him into a cocoon.

At this moment, the figure in a black clergyman robe suddenly turned thin, transforming into a paper figurine covered in metal rust.

Klein's figure appeared outside the grayish-white mill as he ran frantically towards the depths of the town.

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835: The Figures Coming and Going

Editor: Atlas Studios

After rushing into the building and closing the door, Klein realized that the curtains behind the windows were constantly in a drawn state. Only some faint crimson moonlight seeped in, lighting up the room slightly.

He didn't bother making any additional observations as he found a wooden chair and sat down. He attempted to enter Cogitation to calm his inclinations towards mutating.

Since he had witnessed a saint-leveled Beyonder's incomplete Mythical Creature form, how could he survive it that easily? This wasn't the mysterious space above the gray fog that came with recovery effects!

As Klein was able to withstand mental blows relatively well, he was able to straighten his thoughts out early and prevent himself from losing control; thus, allowing him to successfully escape. However, this didn't mean that the problem had been resolved.

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836: "Tossing Food"

Editor: Atlas Studios

At that moment, the shadow seemed to turn corporeal. It was ice-cold and moist, and it instantly bound Klein within it like he was a mosquito in amber.

Klein's figure was squashed and compressed as he regressed into a piece of paper, rapidly turning into mush.

Paper Figurine Substitutes!

Having sensed the danger ahead of time, he had made timely use of Paper Figurine Substitutes!

His black-robed figure appeared on the other end of the dining table as he opened his mouth, producing a bang sound.

At this moment, Klein's mind suddenly turned adrift as he found his surroundings blurry and unclear.

He instantly understood what was happening. He had been forcefully pulled into a dream!

And with this, he determined one point—his abnormal ability of maintaining his lucidity and rationality in dreams had already solidified and become one with him. There was no need to use the gray fog to do so!

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837: The Hangers

Editor: Atlas Studios

As the crimson moonlight dimmed, a thought surfaced in Klein's mind:

The crimson moon is about to be covered by fog again!

Just as this thought appeared, the indistinct, loitering figures outside vanished as though they had evaporated into thin air. The beast-like growls also came to a halt.

The environment has been restored to its previous state… Demoness of Despair Panatiya can move about freely again… Mr. A will no longer have any qualms about the danger outside. He can unleash a barrage of attacks to capture his prey… Klein instantly came to a conclusion as he raised his right index finger and snapped, igniting the leaves of a tree tens of meters away.

He wanted to open up a gap with Mr. A to prevent himself from getting sicker. At the same time, he wanted to determine if he should take the risk of entering the ancient cathedral.

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838: Scene from the Historical Void

Editor: Atlas Studios

The figure sitting diagonally behind the statue was an elder in a black robe. He wore a hood and his head was bowed with his eyes closed. By his mouth was a thick, long, and white beard. It was as though he hadn't had it trimmed for years, preventing anyone from telling what he originally looked like.

And in Klein's eyes, this hoary elder was even more bizarre than the figures hanging in midair.

After his Spirit Body Threads extended out from his body, it didn't drift up to the spot which seemed to hide "magnets." Instead, they coiled around his body and back on themselves, making the source and destination one and the same!

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839: Descendant of An Ancient God

Editor: Atlas Studios

*F*ck*... At that instant, Klein, who heard the elder's reply, had vulgarities resound in his mind. Apart from that, no other thoughts appeared.

Zaratul—the leader of the Secret Order, a descendant of the Fourth Epoch's Solomon Empire aristocracy, the former owner of the Antigonus family's notebook, and the Beyonder guide for Emperor Roselle. "He" was a true High-Sequence Beyonder of the Seer pathway, a Miracle Invoker who was a secret existence about two centuries ago. "He" was believed by Arrodes to have lost control, turning from an angel into a monster during "His" attempt to advance to Sequence 1, Attendant of Mysteries!

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840: Using His Advantage

Editor: Atlas Studios

With all the abnormalities vanishing, Klein heaved a slight sigh of relief. He began to observe his surroundings. Then, he selected a shadowy spot that wasn't too dark due to the faint moonlight. This was to prevent himself from suffering any sudden attacks.

And the few seconds from before had made him come up with a theory about the faint figures and beast-like growls.

They were previously corpses that were hung inside the cathedral, producing the ravings of "Hornacis… Flegrea…"!

When Klein passed through the wall and left the cathedral, the corpses that hung from above had turned to face the lit candle, and there weren't any figures on the street until Klein remotely used Flame Controlling and extinguished the flame. Everything was the same as before!

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841: Keeping Each Other in Check

Editor: Atlas Studios

What terrifying intuition. Despite not realizing that the "Gehrman Sparrow" in front of you is a double, you still feel that something is amiss… Hidden in a faraway building, Klein inwardly drew a gasp. His mind raced as he quickly came up with a corresponding strategy.

He controlled Senor and made the marionette reply in a deep voice, "I'm also a little worried.

"After opening the 'door,' if you leave first, you can ambush me from the outside once I'm out. You don't even need to ambush me. You can just wait outside.

"I believe that I should be the first to leave. And before that, you need to return to me my flesh and hair. When the time comes, you can be closer to the 'door.' This way, you will have enough time to pass through the 'door' before your Spirit Body Threads drift to the top of the cathedral."

Panatiya listened in silence and returned with a question, "Then how do I prevent you from destroying the 'door' after you leave?"

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842: Behind the Door

Editor: Atlas Studios

At that instant, the first thought that surfaced in Klein's mind was: *As expected, Zaratul has a ploy!*

Right on the heels of that, he was thankful that he had obtained the correct door-opening symbol from the Antigonus family's notebook ahead of time. With this newfound confidence, he didn't panic and become at a loss.

Zaratul returned the quill and ink bottle to the past, and he lifted his head. Scanning "Gehrman Sparrow" and Panatiya, he said with a sigh, "All the conditions are in place. You can now open the door."

Upon saying that, he fixed his gaze on "Gehrman Sparrow" and chuckled.

"Don't forget to take my urn with you."

Just as he said that, his entire body suddenly crumbled into countless points of light and scattered into the surroundings, fusing into the void. It was as though he had long rotted and turned to dust.

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843: Magical Mushroom

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Sequence 0: The Fool!"

After discerning the words on the tarot card, Klein once again felt the same feeling he had when he heard Zaratul say his name.

At that moment, he felt the strong call of destiny. He felt that everything had been arranged from the beginning, just like 0-08.

He began to suspect that his original judgment, believing that the female beast tamer from the traveling circus that had visited Tingen and performed a tarot divination for him wasn't an ordinary person.

As his thoughts raced, Klein viewed it from another angle and came up with a new idea. Gradually, he stopped being that horrified, fearful, and depressed.

Perhaps it wasn't a machination but the changes that I brought about myself.

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844: Which Symbol

Editor: Atlas Studios

The thin human-skinned glove didn't look any different from the past, but Klein didn't dare to be too careless. He used divination to make a crude inspection.

Apart from the five fingers, the palm and the back of the palm can each Graze one more soul…

Currently, all seven spots are filled. It has signs of similar Beyonder characteristics fusing together…

It also seems to have the powers of flesh and blood magic…

The speed of switching souls has sped up significantly…

It has to eat a person a day, or else it will eat its owner. Heh, Creeping Hunger, you are swelling in self-importance again. You need to reflect on yourself above the gray fog later.

I'm temporarily unable to obtain any revelations for the rest. After I leave this place, I'll head above the gray fog to make a more accurate divination.

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845: Return

Editor: Atlas Studios

It really is the spirit world… Klein was delighted as he inwardly muttered to himself.

Without needing further confirmation, his spirituality and spiritual perception had told him that this was the real spirit world!

And this meant that he had returned to the real world, the place with all kinds of delicacies.

I nearly cried tears of joy… Klein inwardly made a self-deprecating comment as he considered where he was supposed to head to next.

From the position of the stars, moon, and sun, it's still morning. If there's no time difference between the real world and the foggy town, it's at most 7:30 a.m., or maybe earlier. At this point, the servants must've discovered the disappearance of their mate, and they would definitely inform the priests and bishops.

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846: Find the Target

Editor: Atlas Studios

Saint Samuel Cathedral, behind Chanis Gate.

Backlund Archbishop, Saint Anthony, stood at the staircase connecting the two different stories and watched as the Nighthawk deacons rushed about. Many of them wore red gloves.

As a spokesperson for the Church of Evernight in the kingdom's capital, Saint Anthony had a clean-shaven face. His face didn't betray his mood, and his deep black eyes similarly hid any upheavals he had. But everyone who passed by him would feel their souls tremble as an indescribable sense of horror arose in their hearts.

"Your Grace, an inventory count has been made. None of the mysticism ingredients are missing, including the potion main ingredients and Beyonder characteristics…"

"Your Grace, all the potion formulas are in their original locations. It can be preliminarily determined that no one had gone through them in the last eight hours…"

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847: The Name Hidden in the Dossiers

Editor: Atlas Studios

A carriage passed by Böklund Street as Leonard Mitchell and two Red Gloves teammates discussed the target they were investigating this time—Dwayne Dantès.

"I still haven't had any direct contact with this gentleman. I've only investigated his servants and neighbors," Cindy, who had long wine-red hair, introduced her findings. "For now, it has been confirmed that Dwayne Dantès has acted the same since last night to this morning. He went to his bedroom to sleep at eleven and finished washing up at half-past seven in the morning. At times, he would have some supper and end the day after midnight. At times, he would wake up before seven and head out for a stroll, but that's not the norm."

Another Red Glove, Bob, nodded and said, "From this point of view, there's nothing wrong with Dwayne Dantès."

Leonard Mitchell, who sat in a seemingly casual manner, immediately said with a smile, "But the reverse can also be true.

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848: Getting Caught in the Crossfire

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey had just tried on three selections of evening gowns today, and she was sitting on a cushioned chair, wondering how they could be matched with her accessories and which one she was more inclined towards. She also pondered over her mother's opinion.

At this moment, she suddenly saw an endless grayish-white and a blurry figure watching down at everything from high above appear before her eyes.

Immediately after that, she saw another figure. It was a praying figure that had been shrouded by the gray fog. Her ears resounded with the corresponding words.

Instead of being alarmed, Audrey was delighted. Her unease and worry that there wasn't a Tarot Gathering today was instantly quelled.

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849: Consultation Fees

Editor: Atlas Studios

Nightmare? Klein deliberated for two seconds and said, "Yes.

"I dream of a town that's enshrouded in fog. The crimson moon in the sky would be clear and blurred at random.

"In the middle of the town is a black cathedral. Corpses are hung up inside. They wear clothes from different eras as they sway in the wind and produce strange sounds.

"Apart from that, there's a beautiful lady whose gaps in her teeth were filled with blood-colored human flesh, a mushroom man formed of countless tiny mushrooms…"

To treat his psychological problems, Klein reconstructed his dream in a rather complete manner. However, he didn't say that he had encountered those things in reality, nor divulge that he knew the beautiful lady's identity and the strange mushroom's origins. At the same time, he hid the existence of the cluster of translucent maggots and Zaratul.

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850: The Devil is in the Details

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Sounds like a contrived story. Ever since the new sea route was discovered, there has been no end to stories of people becoming rich from taking risks," Soest casually commented on the content of the telegram. As he thought, he looked towards a particular Red Glove. "I recall that we had investigated Dwayne Dantès before and had an exchange with him in his dream."

"Yes," the Red Glove who was responsible for the task nodded and replied. "I didn't directly ask him about such matters, but I could tell that Dwayne Dantès was very familiar with the Southern Continent. He had plenty of experience there."

Heh heh, that might be information that Dwayne Dantès deliberately revealed to you… Leonard had his doubts regarding the contents of the telegram, believing that this was another layer of disguise from an undying monster who had lived since the Fourth Epoch.

However, he didn't inform his teammates about his conjectures, because he had no basis for them.

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851: Dwayne Dantès's New Business

Editor: Atlas Studios

Leonard stared intently at the portrait of Sherlock Moriarty. His brain had just imagined what the latter would look like without glasses or a beard.

Although this could be quite different from the actual situation and was more of a product of imagination, Leonard increasingly found Sherlock Moriarty very familiar, as though he had known him before.

"How is that possible? He's long dead! And I buried him with my own hands!" Leonard couldn't help but shake his head as he muttered with a scoff.

Just as he said that, his expression froze because the person in his memories held a huge secret.

This person had strangely escaped the influence of 2-049 without the help of others!

This person used 2-049's uniqueness to finish off a Sequence 7 Beyonder, and back then, he was only a Seer who isn't good at combat!

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852: Straight to the Point

Editor: Atlas Studios

The sun hung brightly in midair. In a dark, silent corner of the cemetery, Leonard Mitchell suddenly raised the shovel beside him.

The two mounds of soil at the side gradually raised in height as the coffin pit became obvious. From time to time, there would be passersby, but they didn't notice anything, as though a dream was happening over there.

Finally, Leonard threw the shovel and bent down. He reached out and grabbed the ends of the coffin lid with both hands.

Using immense strength, he pulled open the heavy wooden lid and discovered that the thick, long nails had fallen off at some point in time. There was nothing inside the pitch-black coffin.

Nothing!

Leonard continued keeping his body hunched as he silently watched this scene without any further movement. He stood there like a petrified statue for a very long time.

…

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853: Comparison of Experience in Sophistry

Editor: Atlas Studios

What do I think? If I were to know the answer, why would I be here? I'd have long handed this information to my superiors! Leonard silently mumbled as he deliberated over his words.

During this process, he discovered that, although he was standing straight and looking down on Dwayne Dantès, the tycoon who was sitting leisurely in the reclining chair held the aura of having the advantage. It was like a high-ranking personage casually listening to his subordinate's reports.

This made Leonard feel a little uneasy. He subconsciously surveyed the area and pulled a chair over as he leaned back into it, half out of habit and half as a deliberate action.

"I believe he, or all of you are searching for something.

"Back in Tingen, he infiltrated the Nighthawks to search for something. In Backlund, he also infiltrated Chanis Gate to search for that item!

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854: Confession

Editor: Atlas Studios

Early morning, 160 Böklund Street.

After Klein got out of bed and washed up, he didn't rush to leave the bathroom. He took four steps counterclockwise and headed above the gray fog.

He then conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made the fake person pray piously:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, please pass on the message to Danitz:

"I need him to provide me information on West Balam. It's best if he includes his social connections.

"Also, get him to be careful of the Church of Evernight for the time being."

…

Above the Golden Dream, Danitz, who saw the sun earlier than Backlund, was holding a cup of malt beer as he sat in the shadows, hiding away from the vile sunlight.

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855: New Visitor

Editor: Atlas Studios

As he returned from Saint Samuel Cathedral to 160 Böklund Street, Klein saw his white-gloved butler, Walter, walk up to him.

"Sir, someone delivered a name card. He said that his employer wishes to visit you from four to five," Walter said with a staid expression.

Klein tried figuring out who the visitor was, but he had no clue. He nodded gently and said, "Who's his employer?"

Walter darted his gaze around and saw that the other servants were rather far away. He then replied, "Baron Syndras."

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856: Bodyguards Arrive

Editor: Atlas Studios

In an apartment in Cherwood Borough.

Just as Xio entered, she caught the scent of fried food. She couldn't help but twitch her nose and looked towards the kitchen.

"Fors?"

"Would there be anyone else?" Fors peeked her head out from the kitchen and asked with a smile.

Xio put down the papers in her hand, half-surprised and half-grumbling, "Do you still remember how long it's been since you stepped into a kitchen? Eh, making toast in the morning doesn't count."

Fors returned to the kitchen, leaving only her voice behind.

"I choose the food outside because they're better. And now, the surrounding streets don't have any good fried chicken.

"I suddenly had cravings for it. When it comes to Intis cuisine, I like it the most!"

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857: Poignant

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cuarón committed suicide? His will accused me of forcing him to sell his shares? His family can even provide evidence? As Klein listened to the officer's description, he digested the relevant information and produced questions in his mind.

After he understood the situation, his first reaction was: *Baron Syndras has taken action!*

This powerful banker didn't hesitate to carry out his follow-up action against me after failing to cooperate with me, treating me as an enemy. He didn't hold back!

Furthermore, he has clearly gathered enough information to know that Dwayne Dantès is involved with the Church of Evernight and Member of Parliament Macht and the faction backing him. If he were to directly deal with me, it would easily attract unwanted trouble. Therefore, he chose to strike at the other end of the transaction, Cuarón. This will be more indirect and safer, but it would be equally treacherous and ruthless.

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858: Generous

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the tiny balcony of the master bedroom, Klein stood behind a railing in the form of Dwayne Dantès. He silently watched Baron Syndras's luxurious carriage depart.

His mind was still resonating with the conversation he just had. He believed that there had been a secret plot behind the acquiring of the Coim Company's shares from the very beginning.

According to Syndras, although the Coim Company has great potential and bright prospects, its current value is only limited to Backlund. It's constrained by many conditions, making it not worthy for a powerful banker to place such great importance on it that he had to take on a stance of being hell-bent on acquiring it. After all, even if he didn't succeed, it would only be a difference in monetary profit. It wouldn't result in any losses.

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859: New Mushrooms

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the bottom cabin of the Future where it was pitch-black.

Frank Lee lit a candle which illuminated a table covered with flesh, mushrooms, wheat, and fish.

He casually pushed the items away and cleared out a space that was just enough to accommodate a piece of paper.

Right on the heels of that, he spread out a piece of paper, picked up a fountain pen, and wrote with an excited expression:

"My dear friend, Gehrman Sparrow, I'm delighted to know that you found the dry mushrooms to be pretty good. Perhaps it's more useful than I imagined it to be. When I'm free, I'll take another look at them.

"As I've been fully focused, in both body and mind, in the experiment you mentioned, I've already stopped all other creations. Most of the mushrooms have been burned away by Nina, leaving me with the last three. I hope it will be of help to you.

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860: Runaway Horse

Editor: Atlas Studios

Thankfully, it's not a mushroom dish I ordered, or else it would've been a waste of a dish… Despite believing that he no longer affected by the trauma inflicted upon him by mushrooms, the smell that came with the letter successfully made him suffer a "relapse." Klein's expression rapidly restored itself as he retracted his left hand and placed it on the cup to his side, drinking the ice water inside.

"Please give me another cup." As though nothing had happened, he turned his head and instructed the waiter who was at the door.

At the same time, he pressed down his clothes and slowly got up while expressing his apologies before heading for a bathroom attached to the private room.

It was opposite the pantry, placed on either side of the main door.

Hiding in a cupboard, Fors heard footsteps approach as the bathroom's door opened and closed. She couldn't help but lean into Xio's ear and whisper in amusement, "It's the second time!

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861: Fors's Dream

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing the middle-aged man's shout and seeing his warped expression, Hazel's eyes which were filled with rage and hatred gradually froze before melting into a confused and lost look.

It wasn't only her. Macht and Riana, as well as Dwayne Dantès, fell silent. No one spoke for a moment. Even Fors, who had concealed herself, also lost the sense of excitement she originally had, no longer having that strong sense of justice.

After more than ten seconds, Macht stopped looking at his assailant and turned his head to say to his bodyguards, "One of you stay here. Watch the scene and the suspect. Wait for the police."

Having said that, he paused and said to his valet, "Get a few reporters to cover this matter."

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862: Kind Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

After returning to the room with the balcony, Fors looked at Xio who had her back against the wall and whispered, "Guess what I saw?

"That male servant, Dantès's valet is actually a believer of Death! He was dancing a spirit dance and praying!"

Xio widened her eyes before relaxing her expression.

"When it comes to Mr. Dantès, that's the least of his concerns.

"Yeah, that valet named Richardson is clearly of Southern Continent heritage. Perhaps he was born there, so it's not surprising that he worships Death."

Fors replied with a smile, "I know. I just find it interesting. Aren't there a little too many people with secrets around Dwayne Dantès?

"I won't be surprised if I were to discover one day that all the living beings in this building except him, including the housekeeper, maids, gardeners, carriage drivers, earthworms, bugs, and rats are related to mystery and Beyonders. I would be able to easily accept that reality."

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863: Charity Party

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Your butler might be researching black magic;

"Your valet is secretly worshiping Death;

"Someone among your neighbors has supernatural powers.

"The street where you live might have certain secrets that cause people to have strange dreams…

"You should understand some of the terms mentioned. We won't provide a further explanation. May the Goddess bless you."

"…"

Klein looked at the letter in his hand as he was momentarily unsure whether to laugh or cry.

After a few seconds, he couldn't help but give a self-deprecating laugh.

Just from the contents of this letter, I'm really quite pitiful…

And the matters described don't seem to be problematic in any way…

As he shook his head with a smile, Klein held a letter in one hand and suddenly shook it to the side.

Scarlet flames surged and devoured the piece of paper.

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864: Actor and Spectator

Editor: Atlas Studios

When the ghostly gaze of the golden retriever pierced through the curtains from the shadows, Klein's brows indiscernibly twitched as he failed to hide his alarm.

He then naturally shifted his gaze away and looked towards Miss Justice and company.

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865: Earl Hall's Suggestion

Editor: Atlas Studios

10,000 pounds… Audrey blinked as she used a very slight change in expression to express her surprise.

Without needing her to voice out her question, Earl Hall had noticed her puzzlement. He chuckled and said, "This is an insightful man. His ideas have inspired me and resonated with me. Besides, we can't ignore the misery that objectively exists just because it cannot be resolved anytime soon."

Audrey vaguely understood her father, but she felt that she didn't fully understand him. She nodded slightly and took out her checkbook from her purse that matched her dress and wrote down the "1,000 pounds" value.

This was a charity ball. Furthermore, it was held in a side hall of the cathedral, so there weren't any dances or extravagant arrangements. There weren't any valets or lady's maids following by their sides. It was simply a charity event that had some degree of donations involved. The ladies undoubtedly brought their bags on them.

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866: Home

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Miss Justice's greeting, The Fool Klein suddenly had a strong wistful feeling.

After knowing her identity, status, looks, and situation, he had a deeper understanding as to why Audrey's tone had a happy and radiant air. He understood where they essentially came from, but he didn't end up envious or jealous because of that, nor did he believe that she lacked the toughness that was brought about by misery. Instead, he felt that in this world that had chaos, warped, and madness underlying it, having such a lady exist was really nice.

A smile surfaced on his face as he gently nodded as an acknowledgment of Miss Justice's greeting.

After the Tarot Club members exchanged greetings, Cattleya nudged her glasses and turned her body sideways. She bowed in the direction of the blurry figure that was enveloped by gray fog at the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, there are three diary pages this time."

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867: Investigation Mission

Editor: Atlas Studios

When looking at Cattleya, Klein had actually guessed what her request would be as he sighed and felt confident.

How did Mr. Fool know that I'll be asking a question and not making a request… As expected of Mr. Fool… Cattleya thought before politely asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, I would like to know the meaning of these two symbols."

After receiving permission, she conjured the Chinese characters. They were "Gu" and "Xiang."

As expected… Klein sighed silently.

"When combined together, they mean home, the homeland for one's soul."

When combined together… the homeland for one's soul… Cattleya placed the emphasis on the second sentence because she knew very well where home was for Queen Mystic, nor did she believe that it was anything special.

Audrey, Alger, and the other Tarot Club members took the opportunity to learn the new Roselle text and tried hard to memorize the symbols and their combined meaning—except Derrick.

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868: Shared Identity

Editor: Atlas Studios

Eh… Fors was taken aback, suspecting that she had seen wrong.

Following that, she couldn't help but have thoughts surface in her mind.

Mr. World wishes to take this mission? That's right. He's in Backlund.

But this is an investigation, not a murder. Dwayne Dantès is already pitiful enough. Leave Dwayne alone!

Eliminating the investigation target implies completing the investigation? Because there will be no need to make another investigation…

What do I do? Do I still take the mission? It's a full 500 pounds. I just need to recount what I previously discovered to receive 200 pounds, but the competitor is Mr. World… Perhaps we can cooperate and not compete?

Eh? Why would Mr. World be interested in this mission? His focus is actually on the framing of Baron Syndras or the assault on Member of Parliament Macht?

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869: Report Him!

Editor: Atlas Studios

Is something brewing in Backlund again? An extension of the Great Smog of Backlund? As Alger and Cattleya wondered about the framing of Baron Syndras and the assault on Member of Parliament Macht, they planned on using their own respective channels to obtain more detailed information to see if they could discover anything abnormal.

They weren't in a rush. They had no intention to directly ask The World what his motives or exact plans were. They felt that he wouldn't answer in detail. At best, he would just make a comment; therefore, they planned to gather more information first to do some preliminary investigations. They would then decide on their subsequent course of action depending on the exact situation.

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870: A Question That Strikes The Heart

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon gaining recognition, Derrick was taken aback for two seconds. His shame lessened as he said, somewhat embarrassed, "I will take further steps to understand this matter."

I will work hard to make two sources of information, no—a friend before the next Tarot Gathering… Derrick quickly made a target for himself.

Upon seeing this, Klein made The World hoarsely say, "If it involves the domain of Death, you can seek my advice."

And I can seek Mr. Azik's advice… he silently added.

As for Frank Lee's new mushrooms, he had no plans on transferring them to Little Sun, as they were still incomplete. The "fruits" that were eventually produced were filled with poison and madness.

"Thank you, Mr. World," Derrick answered gratefully.

After a short exchange regarding other matters, the Tarot Club entered the "learning" segment until it ended.

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871: Director

Editor: Atlas Studios

What happened? The sudden change made the inexperienced Hazel momentarily lost as to how to react. She stood there in dazed silence for a few seconds before pushing open the door and rushing in.

When she arrived beside the charred rat, the existence that claimed to be a demigod rolled in a fit, speaking with a calm tone, "You forgot to close the door."

"Ah…" Hazel first wore a blank look before realizing that she had failed to close the door like she usually did because of her eagerness to access the situation. Doing so prevented the maids from peeping in.

With the rat appearing fine, Hazel pursed her lips and turned around, walking back to the door.

During this process, she didn't forget to glance at the full-body mirror. She saw that everything in it looked normal without any problems. It clearly reflected everything in the room. There weren't any additional people or objects.

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872: Results of Mediumship

Editor: Atlas Studios

Watching Miss Messenger leave, Klein glanced at the letter in his hand and considered the problem of West Balam again.

He believed that he needed to make preparations in case that Mr. Azik wouldn't reply to him in the next month. That also meant that when July came, he might very well have to head to West Balam with a few military personnel, without the Death Consul's protection. If that happened, the shadow of the Rose School of Thought would ultimately hang over him.

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873: Undetectable Communication

Editor: Atlas Studios

After entering 22 Phelps Street, Audrey instantly saw Dwayne Dantès walk out from the side corridor.

This good-looking and gentlemanly gentleman was wearing a black formal suit and holding a gold inlaid cane. He was communicating with the foundation's staff beside him.

As though sensing Audrey's gaze, Dwayne Dantès naturally turned his head and looked at the door. Then, his eyes lit up in amazement like he had seen a treasure. Following that, he smiled and gently nodded as a greeting.

Audrey returned with a smile and nod that wasn't a breach of etiquette in any way. She then followed the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation's staff that came to escort her and walked up to the second floor.

During this process, although she didn't look in any other direction, but be it the talent of a woman or her instincts as a Spectator, they told her that Dwayne Dantès's gaze kept following her figure in secret until the wall beside the staircase blocked his view.

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874: I Didn't Say Anything

Editor: Atlas Studios

Leonard Mitchell clasped his hands together and leaned in slightly.

"We have restored the scene Cuarón saw before his death.

"This didn't directly show the murderer, but the glass on the oriel window happened to reflect Baron Syndras's figure."

After a pause, Leonard added, "This is too simple and unconvincing. A powerful banker and noble at Baron Syndras's level wouldn't need to personally take action or be present to watch if he wants someone dead, unless he has some special fetishes.

"And as you know, there are many ways to replicate such scenes, be it via an illusion or disguise."

When he mentioned "disguise," he looked up slightly and glanced at Dwayne Dantès. It was as though he was implying that the latter's present appearance was unlikely his true appearance, just like Gehrman Sparrow and Sherlock Moriarty.

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875: Mummy

Editor: Atlas Studios

7 Pinster Street. Leonard Mitchell came to his desk and unfolded a piece of paper.

He then picked up a fountain pen and lowered his wrist in preparation to write.

However, just as he dipped a dark blue spot onto the paper, his fountain pen paused. He attempted to move his wrist in order to write a few times, but all his attempts ended up stopping due to hesitation.

He raised his wrist, lowered the fountain pen, and repeated this action again and again. Finally, he froze his wrist in midair.

Pa! Leonard threw down his fountain pen, crumpled the piece of paper, and accurately threw it into the trash can.

…

At 160 Böklund Street, Klein received a thin letter from one of Miss Messenger Reinette Tinekerr's heads.

He felt the weight in his hands and only when his spiritual intuition didn't send him any warnings did he tear it open and retrieve the letter inside.

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876: Art of Diverting Trouble

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amon!

Klein's pupils constricted, and although he looked normal on the surface, he tensed up significantly with his heart churning with waves of alarm.

Although he had kept using Amon to scare the grandpa in Leonard's body, as well as the Marauder pathway demigod beside Hazel, he was only using the name. He never expected that this Blasphemer, a King of Angels, would arrive in Backlund so quickly. "He" was even looking for the organization that believed in The Fool!

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877: Whose Trap

Editor: Atlas Studios

Towards Amon, Leonard didn't have a strong, direct impression of him. All he knew was that it was the most feared enemy of the Parasite in his body. "He" was the culprit that left this mysterious and powerful Old Man injured to this day. Therefore, he quickly calmed down and asked with a suppressed voice, "What do we do now?"

In his mind, the slightly-aged voice sounded after three seconds.

"The one that came probably isn't Amon's actual body but one of 'His' avatars."

"He"… Indeed, Blasphemer Amon is an angel, and probably a Sequence 1 angel. After all, Old Man is suspected to be a Grounded Angel… As Leonard absorbed the information to verify his theories, he listened to Pallez Zoroast continue, *"If Amon's actual body appears in Backlund, it might very well cause a deity's descent."*

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878: Arrodes's Question

Editor: Atlas Studios

With Klein finishing his final stroke, the lights in Billiard Room 3 dimmed.

On the dainty makeup mirror, aqueous patterns rippled out before turning into a dark scene.

Immediately, one bloody word after another appeared:

"Raise your questions."

This scene was filled with a sense of supernatural horror. Even though standing there was a Wraith and a Zombie, they couldn't help but feel overwhelmed as they momentarily didn't dare say a word.

Only Klein continued wearing a smile as though he was accustomed to all of this.

He had previously exhorted Arrodes to not raise questions that were too difficult or private, and also to not act like a servant. If it wasn't because Sharron and Maric could ask much more targeted questions as a result of understanding the situation better, Klein was more inclined to handling it himself and not exposing the reality of having such a "helper."

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879: Dual Purpose

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Maric's question, Klein picked up the piece of paper with the symbol that summoned Arrodes and shook it as he wiped away his smile. He said in all seriousness, "Tell me the detailed process for creating a Pharaoh mummy in the ancient Highlands Kingdom."

As he said that, the piece of paper was engulfed in scarlet-red flames, turning to ash.

Maric glanced at Sharron and replied after some thought.

"First step, lay it down for three to five days and use some auxiliary methods to make the Beyonder characteristic naturally seep out and not become a Sealed Artifact from fusing with any parts of the Pharaoh's body.

"Second step, hold a cleansing ritual. Place the corpse on an altar, pray to the Chained God, and hope that half the deceased's spirit remains in the body. This won't affect the return of the son of God, and it can also allow the created mummy to maintain a long period of spirituality.

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880: The Silent One

Editor: Atlas Studios

After hearing Sherlock Moriarty's plan, Sharron didn't say anything apart from nodding her head once in agreement.

Klein immediately took out a steel-gray metal mask and wore it, only revealing his eyes and nostrils.

Similarly, Sharron and Maric wore similar masks as well.

However, they had different reasons for the disguise. For the Wraith and Zombie, it was solely to prevent themselves from being recognized by the Loen military; thus, curtailing their ability to be active in Backlund. As for a Faceless, the act of wearing a mask hid his pathway's trait of being able to change appearances. It was a form of misdirection for the Loen military's and Rose School of Thought's subsequent investigations. After all, they would follow normal logic. Since your face was fake to begin with, why would you do the unnecessary act of wearing a mask?

After waiting for a while, a dull whistle sounded as a ship cruised into the port in the darkness.

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881: A Play

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Rose School of Thought demigod, who was hiding in the shadows, wore a hooded black robe and a golden mask with red and black patterns smeared across it. His figure couldn't be made out, but he was definitely not short, standing at a height of 1.8 meters.

He used the Marauder pathway's Sealed Artifact to steal Tutanssess II's sarcophagus, placing it before him. Immediately, his body phased away and drew out an extended form as though he had turned into a thick, long, and soft rope.

This transparent and nearly ethereal "rope" quickly bound the heavy sarcophagus in a bid to bring it into the spirit world.

At this moment, a strong gust of wind sounded in the Rose School of Thought demigod's ears. They clashed in the air, forming an explosive-like stir.

Boom!

Tutanssess II's golden sarcophagus was sent flying as the transparent "rope" around it unfurled, shrinking back into a humanoid form.

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882: Core of Mischief

Editor: Atlas Studios

Carrying the iron cigar case in hand while passing through walls to leave the warehouse that she was hiding in, Sharron strictly followed Sherlock Moriarty's arrangements, using her state as a Wraith to fly to the tallest building in Pritz Harbor, the lighthouse.

Right on the heels of that, she silently counted down.

Three… Two… One…

Before she could gather her thoughts, Sharron's ear resonated with an intense boom. The harbor in the distance seemed to be swept by a terrifying hurricane.

She held the iron cigar case in her left hand as her nails suddenly grew sharp before stabbing into the wall of spirituality, completely destroying the invisible "isolation" with an attack filled with a Wraith's spirituality.

A sudden gust of wind gushed outwards in every direction as Sharron suddenly felt her Spirit Body become augmented. And this stemmed from the item stored inside the iron cigar case.

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883: Demigod's Appraisal

Editor: Atlas Studios

In the book world, just as Klein appeared in the city outskirts, he immediately took out remnant parts of the dark red soil and picked up a withered branch. Using rod divination, he found the Tutanssess II mummy.

He was worried that this manifestation of hexes would harm the residents here. Although the book world didn't have any lack of Sequence 5 Beyonders, and the Tutanssess II mummy remained in a muddled state having lost the stimulus from Azik's copper whistle, it was still a demigod when it was alive. The hexes that its corpse produced after his death were bound to be extraordinary. Even Klein himself didn't dare approach it if not for the anti-hex golden bead that Sharron had given him.

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884: Destined Encounter

Editor: Atlas Studios

The golden-eyed demigod from the Loen military nodded in agreement.

"Indeed. It's similar in style to certain fellows from the Intis intelligence agencies.

"However, just seconds after he took away the soil, the Tutanssess II mummy vanished. It's unlikely that he could complete a ritual in time."

The lady looked down at the crown of thorns that was embedded in her neck. Slightly slow to react, she said, "Perhaps he, or they, had already set up the other steps of the ritual. Once he teleported back, he immediately threw the soil onto the altar, completing the final step.

"Of course, it's not necessarily a ritual. It might also be a Sealed Artifact that achieves a certain effect with the help of bodily fluids. There are too many possibilities for this."

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885: Two Letters

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Klein's words, one of the four heads which Reinette Tinekerr held immediately said, "Alright…"

It opened its mouth and immediately sucked back most of the gold coins, where it was stored was an unknown.

Taking a look at the dozens of shiny gold coins left, Klein reached out to receive the rather thick envelope. He quickly opened it and scanned its opening. Indeed, it was the detailed information regarding Spirit World Plunderers.

After Miss Messenger returned to the spirit world, he put away the gold coins, drew the curtains, and sat down under the morning sun, seriously reading the neat and tidy handwriting.

"Thank you once again for your help.

"The Tutanssess II mummy is part of the advancement ritual for me. It holds deep meaning for me.

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886: Preparations Before Leaving

Editor: Atlas Studios

After some consideration, Klein, who already had such a plan, smoothly cleared up his thoughts and decided on his plan of action.

Pa! He flicked the piece of paper in his right hand, looking up from the soaring scarlet flames at Reinette Tinekerr. He planned on taking out a Loen gold coin to provide payment.

However, Miss Messenger had already left. There was no one in front of him.

Not collecting payment? Klein was first taken aback before he made the connection. He suspected that Reinette Tinekerr had proactively asked for payment after being used to collecting gold coins from non-contractees.

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887: Familiar Figure

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon hearing Klein's question, the infant wrapped in silver silk raised his fleshy arms and threw them up.

"I can't do anything about it either. I'm still in my mother's womb!

"Although you can no longer write on that paper crane, it can still help me locate you. If there's anything, I will inform you!"

Klein had already expected such an answer from Will Auceptin. He maintained his smile and explained, "That paper crane is already damaged. I think it will have problems locating my position."

Following that, he gave his suggestion:

"Perhaps we can do this, you can summon my messenger when you're born to write to me."

He wasn't too worried that Will Auceptin's birth would result in anything abnormal, causing the Snake of Fate to have to change locations while in a baby's body. That would prevent him from contacting him again.

Inside the black pram, Will Auceptin gaped his mouth before closing it again, momentarily not giving an answer.

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888: A Shocking Glance

Editor: Atlas Studios

For a second, Klein's act of casually sweeping his gaze paused on that familiar person's figure.

He immediately sensed the abnormality in his reaction since a demigod's spiritual perception wouldn't fail to notice it.

His back muscles tensed up as his mind raced, producing figurative sparks.

He didn't immediately move his gaze away as he continued looking at the demigod suspected to be from the Black Emperor pathway. He smiled at Macht and said, "This place really isn't just for veteran officers."

This sounded like a result of careful observation, but it was nothing but meaningless chatter.

Macht chuckled.

"Any club will exceed its original restrictions when it further develops itself."

His answer didn't seem to offer anything, but on careful consideration, it did seem to imply something or perhaps something that was the complete opposite.

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889: Warning to Everyone

Editor: Atlas Studios

Don't dare to mention it or show it… At least for Arrodes, the Mother Tree of Desire is definitely stronger than Sequence 1 Zaratul. No, it's even stronger than the Monster pathway's Uniqueness, Die of Probability… There should be a way to circumvent the restriction to get Arrodes to display the corresponding information, such as bringing it above the gray fog… Heh heh, how is that possible? That won't happen unless I'm already an angel and in complete control of that mysterious space… Klein's eyes moved slightly without pressing the question. He asked, "It's your turn to ask."

The full-body mirror's silver light turned brisk, forming a new sentence:

"Great Master, what other instructions do you have for me?"

Nice question! Klein thought for a moment and said, "After I leave Backlund, take note of Dr. Aaron Ceres's family. Once his wife gives birth, remember to mention it to me when I summon you."

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890: Ignore "Him"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Regarding Miss Justice's question, Klein had already considered it some time ago. After all, leaving troublesome problems to the official organizations who could resolve them was his modus operandi. However, Leonard's and Pallez Zoroast's reaction made him realize something different.

Leonard was a Red Glove of the Nighthawks. He could easily create an informant to pass the news of Amon being in Backlund to the Church of Evernight, and then let the archbishop and high-ranking deacons decide on a strategy before carrying out an operation. It wouldn't expose his problem, and it could also quash any latent troubles. Yet, he had chosen to leave using the excuse of a mission. It was obvious to Klein that Amon's appearance was tied to the reason for Leonard's choice of action.

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891: Strange Chapel

Editor: Atlas Studios

The mysterious leader of the Twilight Hermit Order enjoys sitting there, silently watching everyone converse. Once "He" wishes for something to be done, the matter can very quickly reach a consensus… This really matches the characteristics of the Spectator pathway… I'm increasingly convinced that "He" is Amon's brother, the other son of the Creator, Adam… In his later years, the emperor learned plenty of secrets from Mr. Door and was probably able to come up with similar conclusions… As Klein compared the descriptions in the diary with what he already knew to come up with theories and verify them, he cast his gaze down to read the rest of the content of the page.

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892: Individual "Comprehension"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Neither of them… Cattleya ruminated over Mr. Fool's reply, suddenly feeling at a loss as to the true meaning of the question.

She originally imagined that the place that Emperor Roselle's mind and spirit called home had to involve something philosophical or mystical. For example, the island might refer to the divine kingdom of the deity of his faith; the depths of the cosmos referred to the astral world, indicating Emperor Roselle's belief in surpassing himself in his quest for a deity's throne. In the end, Mr. Fool answered that it was neither. This denied nearly every possibility, making it difficult for her to think of any other answer.

Perhaps what Her Majesty wishes to ask is not something I understand. What Mr. Fool is saying is pointing at another explanation… It doesn't matter if I understand it. I'm only a communication tool between them… Cattleya sighed inwardly as she sincerely bowed.

"Thank you for your answer."

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893: Hair-Resembling Plants

Editor: Atlas Studios

The one that was most interested Cuarón's suicide was none other than Justice Audrey. However, she had long noticed that Fors had some slight interest in the case. Hence, she didn't ask and had maintained her posture, patiently waiting for a particular best-selling author to pose the question.

In just a second or two, Fors looked at the borders of the table in front of The World and asked after some deliberation, "What's the truth?"

Klein had already rehearsed how he was to describe it, so without any hesitation, he got The World to say, "The mastermind behind it is the royal family's consultant, Hvin Rambis. He probably has another identity—a councillor of the Psychology Alchemists."

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894: Meeting

Editor: Atlas Studios

Danitz turned agape as he subconsciously said in Intis, "Hotel."

The air seemed to instantly freeze as Danitz looked at the carriage driver's dark-brown skin, coarse and messy black hair, rather soft facial contours, and blank expression. He exhaled silently and blamed it on his bad luck before silently carrying his luggage to walk down the street.

"Dogsh*t! I actually encountered a carriage driver who doesn't know Intis! Shouldn't someone who picks up passengers near the harbor know a few Northern Continent languages? There are so many people from Intis, Loen, and Feysac around here!" As Danitz grumbled, he looked ahead to look for pedestrians who looked to be from the Northern Continent or had similar heritages in a bid to smoothen his process of checking into a hotel and filling his stomach.

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895: Finally At Ease

Editor: Atlas Studios

Leonard's expression froze for a moment before he composed himself.

He had already remembered that Dwayne Dantès was working with the military and was preparing to sell a batch of firearms and cannons to West Balam.

Therefore, even though it was surprising to see this gentleman appear on a military airship, it wasn't jarring in any way.

The only issue is why he's heading to West Balam so quickly? Amon's arrival has also exerted some pressure on him? Leonard's mind raced as he leveled his gaze and walked up the gangway with his teammates to the midsection and entered a huge lounge reserved for them.

Not long after the Red Gloves took their seats, a deep hum sounded. The rotating of the propeller and all kinds of frictional sounds were heard. It caused the floorboards and walls to gently shake.

As the tremors increased in intensity, it turned into a wobbling motion as the airship rose up and slowly regained its stability.

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896: Daly's Probe

Editor: Atlas Studios

To buy a dictionary late at night, in a city that's somewhat chaotic. Furthermore, I obviously look like someone from Intis. That really is rather dangerous… No, I can't keep wearing this glove… Danitz was stunned for a few seconds before he raised his hand and attempted to take off his boxing glove.

When he was halfway done, he suddenly paused and sized up Anderson. When he saw him wearing a black glove on his left hand, he did a hollow chuckle and wore his glove again.

"I believe that in the Southern Continent, a place like this requires strength," Danitz added with a faint smile.

Anderson's expression remained the same as he continued stroking his chin.

"Then, what do you plan on doing?"

Danitz pointed at the staircase and said, "I plan on finding the hotel's boss and borrow his dictionary. I believe he will be teaching his children Dutanese."

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897: The Chief's Hint

Editor: Atlas Studios

At the top of the spire, in the room that belonged to the Chief.

Colin Iliad had the tall body that was standard of the City of Silver. His hair was grizzled, unkempt, and rather disheveled. He had deep wrinkles around his cheeks, but there were no wrinkles elsewhere. Some old scars, that were either deep or twisted, remained on his cheeks.

He wore a linen shirt on the inside with a brown coat draped over his body. By his waist was a belt filled with tiny compartments. His light blue eyes were deep, filled with the experiences and stories they had seen.

After Derrick bowed, the Demon Hunter nodded gently and pointed diagonally to the items placed on the table.

"Do you still remember them?"

Derrick took a glance as his gaze suddenly froze. His eyes reflected two translucent worms that had the thickness of a child's finger.

Worm of Time!

They were translucent Worms of Time with rings!

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898: Response

Editor: Atlas Studios

After setting up the candles, Colin Iliad found a piece of pure silver and picked up a carving knife beside it. With steady strokes, he carved out a palm-sized charm vessel.

Then, he followed Derrick Berg's description, drawing the secret symbol of The Fool on both sides of the silver piece.

The entire process was completed quickly. If an observer was watching, they wouldn't have been able to discern his actions. Yet, the final product didn't show any flaws. It looked like a piece of art that had been slowly carved out.

Right on the heels of that, Colin Iliad found another bottle of mercury. Directly using his powerful spirituality, he guided the liquid inside to trickle into the charm and fill all the patterns. He prevented the mercury on the side facing down from dripping due to gravity.

Repeating the process, he made a second charm. Colin Iliad placed them in front of the candles and placed a translucent ringed worm on each of them.

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899: Berserk Sea's Spirit World

Editor: Atlas Studios

The ingredients used for Desi's pies are much more generous than in Backlund. However, they prefer adding some local spices. It felt a little odd when taking the first few bites, but after getting used to it, it's quite a different style… Klein sat inside his hotel and swapped between taking a mouthful of the oily pie and drinking a mouthful of cool, refreshing sweet ice tea. He was living quite an idyllic life.

After he had his fill, he didn't immediately pack up. He picked up the top hat on the chair beside him and wore it.

Meanwhile, his left palm suddenly turned transparent as his entire body faded away.

Klein had entered the spirit world and was planning on Traveling to the Poto Harbor in the Berserk Sea. He was there to seek out food for Creeping Hunger.

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900: "Self-Recommendation"

Editor: Atlas Studios

The abnormality associated with the Berserk Sea is suspected to be a result of the perishing of Death… Legend has it that this deity's corpse and items are hidden somewhere in these waters, awaiting someone with a special key to open it… This copper whistle came from Mr. Azik, and Mr. Azik is indeed a direct descendant of Death, as well as being from the first or second generation… Therefore, this copper whistle had sensed something or had been influenced? Thoughts flashed across Klein's mind as they coalesced today to form a theory.

He planned on finding an inn in Poto Harbor, head above the gray fog, and use dream divination to attempt to obtain a revelation. Then, he would consider the time and method for returning to Eskelson Harbor. It was to prevent himself from encountering any avoidable accidents.

And before that, he needed to seek out food for Creeping Hunger.

After walking down the seaside cliff, Klein entered Poto Harbor.

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901: The Mutated Paper Figurine

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein didn't bring Azik's copper whistle directly above the gray fog this time, but he did plan on doing it the same way he did back when he first divined the Mutated Sun Sacred Emblem. He completed it by using an object's projection. Although this would decrease the accuracy to a certain extent, causing the divination to fail at obtaining any effective revelation, it guaranteed that the item was undamaged thanks to the gray fog being an intermediary layer.

He still recalled the time back when he divined the origins of the black ear that came from the Listener. This Sealed Artifact had suffered retaliation from the True Creator, causing it to crumble and reform into a charm.

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902: Shadow

Editor: Atlas Studios

In just a blink of an eye, Colin Iliad had transformed into a four-meter-tall giant. His skin was bluish-black and muscular. Every inch of his skin, pores, and flesh seemed to violate the normal confines of a human body. It was a unique combination that possessed an unimaginable shock factor.

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903: Scholar-type Bishop

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cielf's residence wasn't messy and dirty like most bachelors. Things were placed neatly, and there wasn't any dust on any surfaces. After all, as an Artisan, he didn't lack money. Many of his actions simply had the necessity that secrets were kept, so it wasn't convenient for him to hire a large number of fixed servants. Therefore, he had no choice but to hire help who were paid by the hour.

Scanning the area, Alger discovered nothing that was off from his previous visit. The furnishing was extremely simple without any expensive ornaments, oil paintings, or sculptures. It resembled the residence of an ordinary person.

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904: Analysis

Editor: Atlas Studios

The Artisan is suspected to be under the control of a cult or secret organization? Yet, he's trying to get The Hermit's help? Just get The World! Who knows which waters the Future is in at the moment and how long it would take to reach there. What's more, The World can Teleport! After hearing The Hanged Man's prayers, Klein subconsciously rebutted his request, believing that it would delay an opportunity, causing unnecessary losses.

He then calmed down, believing that with Mr. Hanged Man's attention to detail and experience, it was impossible for him to commit such a simple error. He believed that Mr. Hanged Man definitely had his reasons for requesting The Hermit's help instead of The World.

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905: Psychological Blind Spot

Editor: Atlas Studios

Based on his experience from watching many detective animations, Klein believed that someone who wore a scarf to conceal his face and hid his physical characteristics with an overcoat was likely problematic. He probably hid an unspeakable secret, especially when it wasn't winter yet and the temperature in the Berserk Sea couldn't be considered cold.

However, this has nothing to do with me. Even if a locked-room murder mystery happens, the one having a headache would be the Captain… I should head above the gray fog later to do a divination and see if this trip will be smooth… Klein didn't mind the matter, but he still thought about it conscientiously.

He retracted his gaze and looked at the Desi roasted fish that was being served by the waiter.

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906: Leonard's Warning

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, North Borough.

The pitch-black night had the crimson moon covered by clouds. There were only street lamps on the two sides of the road that emitted a faint light, illuminating the road ahead and the doors of the nearby houses.

7 Pinster Street's mailbox was silently hiding in the intersection between light and dark, bathing in a cool breeze that blew from the side as though it was in a slumber.

At this moment, newspapers, bills, and letters from various unknown people suddenly spewed out from its mouth.

These objects seemed to be dragged by an invisible hand as they floated in midair before flying towards the door and entering through a gap.

Inside the house, at the foyer, the newspapers automatically spread open as they rapidly flipped over. Then, they were casually left on the chair, stacking over other newspapers.

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907: The Power of Mysticism

Editor: Atlas Studios

Most of Kolain City's buildings were built on paths that spiraled upwards. There would be squares or small towns in the middle or on rather flat, open spaces.

Klein carried his luggage, and with his spiritual intuition as a Seer, he randomly chose a direction to proceed in and found a relatively lively bar along the way.

There weren't many carriages on the streets, and the rental types were a rare sight. The most popular means of transportation in East Balam was a "Coffin." This stemmed from their traditions of worshipping Death. People viewed coffins as items that brought about serenity and peace; therefore, Klein often saw people walking past him carrying a black coffin. The lids were lighter than the usual kind and were just like a carriage door that could be opened at any time.

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908: Not Leaving Any Problems

Editor: Atlas Studios

Lower Lip District. 13 Canine Street.

The plump Ulika was sitting on a sofa with his tiny dark brown eyes and skin. Wrapping a dried yellowed tobacco leaf and ten different kinds of Southern Continent herbs and spices together, he cut it into long strips.

Then, he held his self-made East Balam smoke pipe in his hand and brought it close to the matchstick his subordinate had lit. The end blackened and curled as it glowed red.

Biting at its end and taking a deep suck, Ulika slowly exhaled white smoke that was tainted with light blue hues. He looked at the visitor on the single-seater opposite him and said, "This is what a cigarette is. A real cigarette.

"The ones in the Northern Continent are only suitable for children!"

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909: Serving Good Luck

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the steep and long rocky staircase, the crimson moonlight illuminated its midsection, leaving rather thick shadows along its sides.

Enzo was like a normal pedestrian at night, walking a little anxiously but without showing any signs of being flustered. He had a deep faith in his excellent good luck, being a winner in life, one that wouldn't be caught by the Nighthawks.

Seeing that he would be done after a few more flights of steps, Enzo, who was once a Monster, suddenly sensed something as he turned his head to look at the shadows in the lowest point of the staircase.

He then saw a figure sitting there in a daze. His looks and figure appeared rather indistinct due to the lighting, and he was dressed in the standard outfit of someone from East Balam.

The figure took out a box of matchsticks and struck a match to light up the surroundings.

Enzo didn't bother sizing up the person when he suddenly saw a scene before his eyes.

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910: Monster Pathway

Editor: Atlas Studios

A few minutes later, Daly Simone and Leonard Mitchell, who had repeatedly made errors in judgment, finally arrived at the top of the steep staircase.

They proceeded down the steps at a very slow speed, cautious of their surroundings, and they were ready to enter combat at any moment.

However, they failed to encounter any abnormalities even when they reached the bottom of the flight of stairs. They didn't even find any useful clues.

Daly grabbed onto the wind, cupped her hand to her ear, and listened carefully.

A few seconds later, she looked around her and said, "There was a gunshot. A weapon once dropped around the street bend. Th-that man named Enzo is d-dead…"

"Who did it?" Leonard asked in surprise.

From his point of view, due to the repeated failures they had encountered, Enzo had easily escaped their pursuit. The possibility of a Rose School of Thought monitor silencing him and wiping away any clues was zero.

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911: Strange Scene

Editor: Atlas Studios

Klein looked down at his palm as his eyes reflected the gold coin.

It was heads.

This meant that Klein should use the marionette's eyes to look at himself!

After receiving this revelation, Klein remained hesitant. He pondered about holding a ritual to send Enzo above the gray fog. Doing so was relatively safer, allowing the damage and corruption his Spirit Body suffered to be completely screened by the environment before making an attempt.

However, he suspected that he wouldn't receive an outcome. This was because Beyonders of the Fate pathway were noticing the projection of the mysterious space on his body. Above the gray fog, that uniqueness might no longer exist. It was like an attempt to observe an elephant's body; instead of doing it outside, he was doing it internally.

Pressing his fingers together, he clenched the gold coin in silence for a long while before making up his mind.

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912: Origins of the Artisan

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cattleya understood The Hanged Man. If the problem was too serious, they could use The Moon to involve the entire Sanguine race. They could then minimize their losses in the chaos and obtain some benefits.

She then smiled and said, "If the situation is that serious, why not directly find The World? That seems to make things simple."

Alger remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "I have to prove my ability at handling problems; therefore, that's the final resort."

After hearing his reply, Cattleya immediately made some connections.

The Hanged Man places great importance on the way Gehrman Sparrow views him. It's because he's a Blessed of Mr. Fool? Also, his attitude is rather identical to the political jokes of Backlund and Trier. When facing a problem or having committed a mistake, the first reaction is to suppress the matter and find other methods to resolve it. They cannot let their superior or consignor know about it…

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913: Klein's Preparatory Work

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ready… Of course not… Klein smiled as he pointed at Enzo.

"That glove still needs sealing."

As he spoke, the badly sunburnt Enzo removed the human-skinned glove from his right hand with his left hand which wore the Flower of Blood and Green Essence rings.

It was Creeping Hunger.

Normally, Klein tended to throw Creeping Hunger above the gray fog when it wasn't in use. After all, the glove's original seal had been disabled after its mutation. It needed to consume a living person on a daily basis; otherwise, it would feast on the wearer. However, considering how Mr. Azik had already replied, it was very likely that he would meet him soon. Finally, he decided to keep Creeping Hunger in the real world unless there were unique circumstances.

After all, he could already imagine the scene of Mr. Azik arriving. He didn't wish for such a conversation to happen.

"Didn't you say that the glove needs sealing?"

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914: The Calling Deep Inside the Mausoleum

Editor: Atlas Studios

"..."

Upon seeing Admiral Hell Ludwell's reaction, Klein and the living crew of the Black Tulip could hardly believe their eyes.

He originally imagined two scenarios:

The first was Ludwell requesting help from a Numinous Episcopate demigod to ambush Gehrman Sparrow and the powerhouse backing him. This wasn't impossible since Sequence 7 of the Death pathway was called Spirit Medium. They also had the ability to sense impending danger.

The second was that Admiral Hell hadn't made any preparations. He tried resisting but ended up being easily finished off by Mr. Azik.

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915: Another "Me"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Without waiting for Klein's reply, Azik, who was staring intently deep into the mausoleum, continued, "I still remember my resurrection after my first death. I was lying in a pale-white coffin, and I staggered to my feet. I was feeling horrified, having no idea what was happening. Nor did I know where I was.

"Before the clergymen collected my corpse for purification, I escaped, stumbling along the way like a wandering ghost. I crossed grasslands, villagers, and cities. I couldn't recall who I was or where I came from.

"No matter where I went back then, I would hear all kinds of sobbing. When I watched priests presiding over mass burials, I felt sorrow in every corner.

"Later, I happened to rescue a noble lady and entered her manor. She was a bright and lively girl, and I was like a feral beast from the jungle. I was sensitive, suspicious, self-abased, afraid; and I often showed a cold, indifferent, cruel side that didn't match the morality of a human.

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916: Irresistible Approach

Editor: Atlas Studios

Upon seeing this coiling feathered serpent deep inside the black fog, and a face at the top of the towering figure, Azik was first taken aback. Following that, the corner of his forehead throbbed as though he had been struck in the temple, splitting his head in two.

Amidst the excruciating pain, several non contiguous scenes flashed in his mind;

It was a feathered serpent with a face identical to his, even to the smallest detail;

Above a silent land, there were countless pale corpses;

Floating in midair, there were clouds stacked from bones that came from different species;

Black tentacles that drilled out from the ground, with eyes that resembled dead fish at the tip of each tentacle;

A transparent Spirit Body was forcefully pulled out of his body.

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917: Three Choices

Editor: Atlas Studios

The strange turn of events inside the mausoleum left Klein, who had his eyes closed and his spirituality converged, completely unaware of what was happening. He had no idea if it was something good or bad. Therefore, even though he had already chanted the activation incantation, he still didn't dare rashly use the Fate Siphon charm. He was afraid it would make things worse or that it would have the opposite effect.

Seconds passed as Klein felt the passage of time was especially slow. He felt as though an entire century had passed.

Finally, he heard Mr. Azik speak with a somewhat hoarse and uncertain tone:

"It's you…"

Following that, an unperturbed voice that was clearly female sounded:

"You have three choices.

"First, continue proceeding forward to seek completeness. Allow Salinger to revive within your body;

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918: Guesses and Ideas

Editor: Atlas Studios

Kolain City. Inside the inn.

Klein sat on a reclining chair, reaching out to receive the black tea with lemon from Winner Enzo.

Beside him, Admiral Hell Ludwell stood straight, wearing a mask with a rapier by his waist. He appeared like the most loyal guard.

Only at this point in time did Klein, who had completely calmed down, have the mental capacity to analyze what had happened in Death's mausoleum. Amongst all of that, what he paid most attention to was the existence that had helped Mr. Azik get out of his predicament at the critical moment and provide him with three choices.

First, a female voice;

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919: "Perfect" Inference

Editor: Atlas Studios

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Fors, who was having an afternoon nap, jolted awake from her dreams. She saw an endless grayish-white fog and Mr. Moon who had his head bowed in prayer, clearly hearing his voice:

"…In the southeast outskirts of Backlund, in the middle of Delaire Forest, there is an abandoned ancient castle. In it are at least two ancient wraiths, and other dead spirits. The possibility of other Beyonders living there cannot be eliminated. The coordinates are…"

I finally have information on the main ingredient of Scribe. Information worth 300 pounds… Fors was instantly delighted as she immediately thanked Mr. Fool and sought "Him" to pass her message to The Moon that she would make payment shortly.

After completing this, she got out of bed and went to the first floor. She planned on pouring herself some wine to drink and consider when she would explore the abandoned castle, as well as the necessary preparations.

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920: Calderón's Origins

Editor: Atlas Studios

Bayam, the slums.

Hooded with a mask underneath it, The Hanged Man Alger once again met with Admiral of Stars Cattleya.

At a table, the two of them sat across each other, facing each other without saying a word.

Finally, Cattleya said, "Have you heard the news?"

Alger didn't directly answer as he returned with a question:

"The one about Gehrman Sparrow?"

Cattleya fell silent for a few seconds and nodded.

"He has turned Admiral Hell into his marionette."

Be it Admiral of Blood from before or the present Admiral Hell, they were both pirates who had a higher bounty than her. No matter how confident she was of herself, she didn't believe that the two Sequence 5 elites were weaker than her!

"You learned of it earlier than I expected." Alger confirmed the authenticity of the news in a tactful manner.

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921: Politeness First

Editor: Atlas Studios

When it came to the understanding of ancient gods, Klein knew as much as many High-Sequence Beyonders. After all, he had the City of Silver who had continued on from the Second Epoch to this day behind him. The corresponding myths that were passed down the ages had left plenty of influence.

Based on what he knew, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace was a so-called ancient goddess. Because of the City of Silver's Creator, the Ancient Sun God who eventually ended up being consumed by the Kings of Angels dealt heavy damage to "Her." Eventually, "She" perished towards the end of the Second Epoch.

However, "Her" influence had yet to dissipate to this day. Signs of "Her" existence remained because "She" was the founder of the Underworld!

City of the Dead… Unknown Soul… Ancient goddess… It sounds very dangerous… Klein looked at the radio transceiver in front of him and fell silent.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Another piece of illusory white paper spat out:

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922: Mushrooms and Fish

Editor: Atlas Studios

Looking at the lights that emitted out of the oriel window, the hooded and masked Alger was just about to ask about the details of the operation when he suddenly saw a shadow grow out of the rich darkness. It materialized as a lanky, pale, sickly young man.

Bloodless Heath Doyle… Alger quickly recognized the man to be the second mate of the Future.

Heath didn't look at him as he directly said to Cattleya, "Captain, they didn't notice anything and turned those mushrooms into cream of mushroom soup. They plan to use the prepared pan-fried fish as tonight's main course."

"Excellent." Cattleya removed the heavy glasses on her nose and used her eyes which had a mysterious purple hue to look through the neighboring house's dining hall across the walls.

Heath Doyle didn't speak further as his body instantly darkened and returned to the shadows. It was unknown where he had slunk to.

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923: After Effects

Editor: Atlas Studios

Cielf didn't notice the change in Alger's eyes. He pointed at one of the "cremated" Primordial Moon believers and said, "That cane was taken from me. It's called 'Word of the Sea.' It can release lightning at a target. Waving it and striking it will cause it to be augmented with wind blades. Apart from that, it can also create large water spheres and corrosive rainwater. It can also allow the wielder to not be afraid of deep-sea pressure. They can freely extract oxygen from the water. At the same time, it can also be used as a wand to provide flight.

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924: First Key Factor at Carrying out Risky Operations

Editor: Atlas Studios

Can't enter… The Seven Lights can't enter for some special reason… Is this a restriction Calderón City has on higher-level creatures in the spirit world? However, how does Miss Messenger know of this limitation? Has she been there before? If that were the case, I didn't even need to ask Red Light or the magic mirror… Perhaps her spiritual intuition told her that? As his mind whirred, Klein slowly and silently exhaled.

He then took out a gold coin and handed it to Reinette Tinekerr.

"I understand. Thank you for the information."

After one of Miss Messenger's head bit on the gold coin and retreated into the spirit world, Klein allowed his thoughts to roam as he considered how he could find other helpers.

Mr. Azik has entered a state of slumber. It's unknown when he will wake up. There's no way to wait for him.

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925: Choosing "Clothes"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the endless grayish-white fog, in the magnificent ancient hall.

Klein didn't rush to do a divination. He first answered The Hanged Man Alger's sacrificial ritual and got the cane made from the Ocean Songster Beyonder characteristics to appear in front of him.

Word of the Sea… This name, when transliterated to Chinese, does bring back memories. I'll just leave it at that… It's basically a weaker version of Sea God Scepter. It doesn't have demigod-level powers like Lightning Storm or Tsunami either… There are quite a number of negative effects… As Klein recalled The Hanged Man's descriptions, he stroked the silver inlaid black cane.

Perhaps the mysterious space above the gray fog had naturally suppressed it, causing this Beyonder cane to not express its living characteristic. It silently lay there like it was the most common and ordinary piece of wood.

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926: Spiraling City

Editor: Atlas Studios

I really do feel a little irascible, but I'm not that quick-tempered… Wearing the papal tiara and dark blue robes while wielding the Sea God Scepter, Klein seriously observed his new state.

This meant that the Tyrant card could suppress the negative effects of the Sea God Scepter to a certain extent, but it wasn't able to completely eliminate it.

Using Cogitation, Klein composed himself and turned to look at the junk pile in the corner.

Groselle's Travels? This is my strongest defensive item to this day. Besides, it also has some magical uses, but the problem is that it was made by another ancient god, Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt. Based on what Little Sun said, this dragon king was once allies with the owner of Calderón City—Ancient Death, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace. Who knows if this book would trigger any unnecessary developments… To be safe, it's best if I don't bring it.

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927: Tyrant's Might

Editor: Atlas Studios

Hiding in the shadows, Klein's heart tightened. He then quickly calmed down without showing any signs of horror.

This was because he was extremely certain that the reflection on the golden disc's smooth surface wasn't him—at least, it wasn't the real him!

If it really was him, Enzo would've seen the gray fog, seeing magical scenes that resembled a Mythical Creature form. This would've caused Klein to faint immediately!

Since I'm completely fine, it means that the reflection isn't of me… Klein activated his Spirit Body Threads vision, controlled Enzo, and raised Word of the Sea. He approached the pale-white collapsed column and the ancient building which remained in shambles while secretly releasing some of his "luck."

The swarthy marionette approached the golden disc one step at a time. Bending his back and raising the cane, he carefully observed the area.

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928: Misdirection

Editor: Atlas Studios

At his point, Klein had roughly understood the situation.

Due to the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence, he had been targeted by the Spirit World Plunderer the moment he entered Calderón City, which didn't even have ordinary dead spirits. It first moved the golden disc of unknown origins to the predicted path, allowing his marionette to see it while walking past. As such, his attention was transferred to the transformation effect Calderón City had on the living. Following that, it used the giant blacksmith, which wasn't its soul avatar, to distract him further. Finally, it secretly arrived within control distance and achieved success in "one try."

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929: True Soul Body

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Fate!"

As the dragged out and abstruse ancient Hermes term resounded, the spots where the Spirit World Plunderer and Klein stood suddenly darkened.

It wasn't very obvious, as though a cloud had drifted over in midair without stopping.

But when this illusionary shadow dissipated, the invisible figure that was donning a translucent white robe stood frozen on the spot. The surface of its clothes showed signs of worms crawling across it. It was sluggish, slow, and in a dire state.

Across it, Klein's eyes had their lucidity return. The meat tendrils on the shadowed face beneath the papal tiara vanished.

It appeared as though it wasn't the Spirit World Plunderer who had controlled Klein's Spirit Body Threads and nearly succeeded; instead, it appeared as though Klein was the one who was controlling it and had nearly converted it into his marionette!

The Fate Siphon charm switched one's fate!

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930: Former Organization

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Ince Zangwill."

Upon hearing the name, all the Red Gloves present fell silent. Not a single one spoke for a moment.

Ever since this former bishop betrayed and fled the Church, the Church of Evernight had never relaxed its pursuit of him. Archbishops and high-ranking deacons who took up high posts had taken turns being responsible for searching for him. They helped each other, often bringing the relevant Sealed Artifacts everywhere to search for clues about him. But ultimately, they were unable to lock onto Ince Zangwill. He slipped away as a result of all kinds of coincidences, his shadow wasn't even noticed. Furthermore, he had caused several major events that killed many Nighthawks.

To the Church of Evernight, especially the Nighthawks, he was someone they hated that had also insulted them!

Without realizing it, Leonard Mitchell had already clenched his hanging fists as his breathing grew deeper.

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931: New Method to Acquiring Intel

Editor: Atlas Studios

Glancing at Danitz's expression, Anderson continued as though he didn't notice a thing.

"However, their brains appear to have been eaten by zombies. They were fervent to the point of stupidity. They didn't adhere to my sense of aesthetics. So after cheating them of their things, I quit.

"Eh, why's your face a little pale. You're even sweating. Did you get heatstroke? As a hunter, shouldn't adapting to the environment be an intrinsic ability?"

Danitz lifted his right hand and wiped his sweat. Cursing inwardly, he forced a smile and said, "I've heard that once someone believes in an evil god, it's almost impossible to escape the faith."

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932: Thin-Skinned

Editor: Atlas Studios

…*The Goddess really replied*… Upon seeing the words formed by the powder, Klein's first reaction had nothing to do with the content. Instead, he was shocked that this seemingly ridiculous thing had happened.

Although he was already mentally prepared and had believed that the chance of success was rather high, he still felt conflicting emotions. It took him almost a minute to accept it.

After a while, Klein exhaled slowly, raised his right hand, and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise manner.

"Praise the Lady!"

He then ended the ritual, forcing himself to focus his attention on the revelation itself.

Possessed by an evil spirit. Requires exorcism?

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933: Evil Spirits' Common Trait

Editor: Atlas Studios

After a while, Leonard cleared his throat and wore a smile without realizing it. He said with a suppressed voice, "Old Man, Klein's… This suggestion seems pretty good. It's very… very viable. The effects should be quite substantial. Why don't you consider it?

"Didn't you mention that you would do your best to help me exact revenge?

"Haha, I thought Worms of Time could only be used for avatars and act as support…"

He subconsciously droned on while Pallez Zoroast remained silent the entire time. Only after a while did he sigh lightly and say, *"I can only give you a maximum of two Worms of Time."*

Without waiting for Leonard to say a word, he added, *"To exact revenge on a demigod who wields a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the most important thing is still your own level and strength. Otherwise, you won't have a chance of using it even if you have a high-level charm."*

Leonard wiped away his smile and nodded seriously.

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934: 1 + 1 > 2

Editor: Atlas Studios

Ever since the information about the suspected Bizarro Bane—Shapeshifter—was given to Mr. World, Derrick constantly believed that the latter might one day entrust him with a mission for the corresponding ingredients. However, his strength was lacking. Even with his friends, it was impossible for him to complete the hunt. Furthermore, such expeditions needed to go through the six-member council. Private teams were unable to wander too far from the City of Silver. Therefore, all he could do was temporarily suppress it deep down. From time to time, it was used to motivate him to advance quicker.

To his surprise, it didn't take long before an expedition team headed for Nois City was set up. Leading the team was Chief Colin Iliad!

Combining his previous discussion with Mr. Hanged Man, Miss Justice, and company at the recent Tarot Gathering, Derrick quickly came up with a theory:

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935: "Meeting Up"

Editor: Atlas Studios

Anderson, who was enjoying a piece of cream cassava bread, looked up at Danitz. Seemingly in thought, he said, "I'm not sure why, but I don't wish to leave West Balam. Haha. Since I'm here, as a treasure hunter, how can I return empty-handed?

"In the extensive forests, there are all sorts of abandoned temples that have gold, jewelry, antiques, and maybe mystical items. All of them are waiting for me to rescue them!"

Danitz tipped his chin and guzzled down the remaining Gwadar.

This was a beverage made from a fruit native to West Balam. It was orange-yellow in color with a sweetness amidst its sourness. It was good at quenching thirst and relieving heat. It also had some caffeine that allowed people to combat fatigue and stay awake.

Putting down the cup and picking up his napkin to wipe his mouth, Danitz scoffed.

"I keep feeling as though you're up to something."

"I also hope that's the case," Anderson said with an unconcerned smile.

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936: Don't Want to Miss Out

Editor: Atlas Studios

Amidst the clacking sounds, a white piece of illusory paper spewed out from the radio transceiver. On it were words composed of Loenese:

"Exalted Great Master, your puny, loyal, and humble servant, Arrodes, is here to answer your summoning!

"Did you know? Dr. Aaron Ceres's child was born the night before the last."

Thankfully I contacted the magic mirror in time… Klein nodded slightly and said, "Now I know."

Amidst clacking sounds, more of the illusory white paper spewed out:

"Based on the principle of reciprocity, it's your turn to ask a question."

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937: Several Days Later

Editor: Atlas Studios

Empress of Misfortune and Horror… Isn't that the Goddess? That's right, misfortune includes bad luck—a part of fate. The Goddess has the corresponding authority and can naturally give a response… By giving this suggestion, doesn't it mean that, in Will Auceptin's eyes, "He" has always suspected that I'm Evernight's Blessed, it's just that I didn't notice it myself. It's the same as the answer I received about how I should get the High-Sequence Beyonder potion formula of the Seer pathway… "He" is even more certain after what happened at Saint Samuel Cathedral… Klein was first taken aback before he became enlightened.

As though he was muttering to himself, he said, "If I were to pray to the Goddess, no matter what symbols I choose, the final product's effect will likely be inclined towards the domain of bad luck."

"That's common sense!" the baby wrapped in silver silk shouted.

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938: Writing

Editor: Atlas Studios

Above the endless gray fog, in the magnificent and ancient palace.

The warped picture of the Lord of Storms, one that's suspected to be left behind by a Rose Redemption member… Hmm, Red Angel Medici is one of the founders of Rose Redemption… Klein sat in the high-back chair belonging to The Fool as he silently looked at the crimson star representing The Hanged Man.

Using his feedback, he had basically confirmed that the one possessing Ince Zangwill was the Red Angel evil spirit!

In the eternal silence, Klein silently sat at the seat of honor of the mottled table as though he had become a deity's statue.

After an unknown period of time, he nodded indiscernibly and slowly exhaled.

His figure vanished and returned to the real world. He continued his nap without thinking of any plans or considering anything related to Ince Zangwill.

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939: Bait

Editor: Atlas Studios

Colin Iliad glanced at Lovia without giving a direct response. After he pulled out the two swords in the ground, he nodded and said, "Okay."

The group of five circled around Nois City's perimeter, making a few attempts to enter, but they were frightened away by the seemingly normal but silent city's carrying out of its "daily routine." They didn't dare to venture in.

With the frequency of the lightning reducing, and how darkness was slowly beginning to rule the world, Colin took a deep look at Nois City for a few seconds and said, "We will first set up a small camp. We will continue when it's 'daytime.'"

The so-called "daytime" meant when the frequency of lightning was relatively higher, keeping the moments of darkness to a minimum.

The expedition team members didn't object to it. Soon, they set up a simple camp by the riverside amidst a series of rocks.

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940: A Story

Editor: Atlas Studios

After leaving the local Nighthawks's base which was disguised as a private detective office, Leonard glanced at Daly Simone who had suggested to team up with him.

"Where do we begin? Any suggestions?"

Dressed in a Spirit Medium black robe with her hood pulled over her head, Daly Simone, with an uncanny beauty and mature air, shot Leonard Mitchell a glance.

"This is when a gentleman's decisiveness and style should be showcased."

Leonard looked at his left hand which was wearing a red glove. He deliberated and said, "If we begin by following Captain Soest's arrangements, that might allow us to find some clues, but it's not necessarily useful. I suspect that Her Excellency Goddess's Eye knows that. She's only giving us something to do in order to confuse Ince Zangwill."

"Why do you say that?" Daly wasn't joking as her expression wore a rare, solemn look.

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941: Development That Adheres to Logic

Editor: Atlas Studios

The moment he saw the middle-aged man dressed in a priest's getup, Anderson zoned out for a second. Following that, some shackles in his mind suddenly collapsed as countless memory fragments surged through an invisible barrier. It felt like long-suppressed feelings suddenly erupted.

He remembered the things that had happened over the past two months. He remembered the mission that the demigod had given him!

Back in Bayam, he followed the thoughts in his mind to meet up with the demigod. He followed him and left the Rorsted Archipelago for a secret location.

There, he met the priest beside him. It was arranged for him to enter an ancient coffin, to lay there among Beyonder ingredients and a liquid filled with strange mixed blood, allowing them to seep into him.

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942: Deity's Curse

Editor: Atlas Studios

With Klein's spirituality making contact, the points of light suddenly expanded into a scene before his eyes.

With his Shadow Cloak up, Danitz was praying with his head bowed in the corner of the square, chanting The Fool's honorific name with ancient Hermes.

Thanks to this, Klein could see an expanded area around him, and he began searching for Ince Zangwill.

Through the gray fog, everything he saw was clearly different from what he had previously seen. In the middle of the square, a pitch-black corpse-embedded cathedral had appeared at some point in time. It was dark inside, but there wasn't any signs of activity inside.

Using this opportunity, Klein replied Danitz's prayer, "Leave the area. Find a hidden spot to hide in."

As he spoke slowly, dressed in the papal tiara and dark robes, Klein raised his left hand and made the blue gems at the tip of the bone scepter light up.

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943: The Third Act

Editor: Atlas Studios

"Fate!"

In the awkward-sounding voice, the spots where Admiral Hell Ludwell and Nightwatcher Ince Zangwill stood turned dark as if they were covered by two black clouds.

Fate Siphon charm!

This was one of the Fate Siphon charms that Klein had made using the Worms of Time from Pallez Zoroast!

To make plans without 0-08's knowledge, he had kept himself hidden behind the scenes the entire time. Not only had he lent Creeping Hunger to Leonard Mitchell, he had also given the Fate Siphon charm to his marionette!

Hence, the one who was possessed by the evil spirit had gone from Ince Zangwill to Ludwell.

Admiral Hell instantly had Sauron Einhorn Medici's blood-stained, black-armored body plunge into him as his eyes became filled with minute blood vessels.

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944: The Fourth Act

Editor: Atlas Studios

On the heavily scuffed and damaged Revival Square, the environment turned dark as a gloominess and eeriness filled it in a seemingly corporeal manner. Even the blinding silver lightning wasn't able to dispel this feeling.

Daly Simone acutely sensed that an unknown creature was crossing the spirit world and approaching. An ominous feeling rose up in her as though she could already see Ince Zangwill using such an accident to easily escape, never to be found.

She felt ice-cold in a manner that couldn't be resisted, just like when she first became a Beyonder.

Back then, due to a particular accident, as a nineteen-year-old, she had lost her family and ended up drinking a potion by mistake. She ended up becoming a Corpse Collector and was placed into a Nighthawks team.

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945: The Story's Ending

Editor: Atlas Studios

The moment the Fate Siphon charm left Leonard Mitchell's hand, it vanished into midair, its whereabouts unknown. It cloaked the spots where he and Ince Zangwill stood in darkness. Even the burgeoning silver storm was unable to illuminate it.

At that instant, Leonard felt the surface of his body turn numb, as though lightning was leaping over it, creating a slight stabbing pain, one that would completely pulverize his body at any moment.

But following that, he didn't get bombarded with irresistible pain, as though nothing had happened.

No, something did happen. A bolt of lightning smote down at him as if it had bared its fangs, shattering the ground and charring the soil.

Klein had personally redirected his casting of Lightning Storm from Ince Zangwill when Leonard Mitchell used the Fate Siphon charm!

"Ah!"

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946: A Bestowment Or A Curse

Editor: Atlas Studios

The ice-cold potion slid down his throat, bringing Klein numbness, one that reached deep into his soul.

He had already stopped dancing. His mind seemed to be lifted as though he was high in the air, looking down at the ruined Revival Square, at Cookawa City which had been left in shambles by the repeated lightning strikes.

At this moment, he felt his emotions rouse up for some baffling reason as all the pedestrians below seemed to be connected to him by some invisible threads. They could be happy, angry, or sad, making all kinds of actions based on his directions.

Klein often had such feelings recently. He knew that this was the vision of a "director." By viewing all participants as marionettes or actors, he attempted to control or guide them into putting on a grand performance.

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